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COMMUNISM.*

FOR evil or for good, the Communistic theory is spreading in every part of the Western world. England and Ireland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and we know not what other European countries besides, not to speak of the vast American continent, are doing homage to the fact that this system has a living *power* in it, either for cursing or for blessing, which defies alike the sneers of newspapers, the laws of despotic kings and still more despotic republics, and the musket-balls and bayonets of armies.

But what *is* Communism? It would be a curious speculation for the lovers of statistics to ascertain how many of the opponents of Communism could furnish an intelligible definition of that theory from which they recoil with dismay. Communism is revolution, says the Tory. Communism destroys the influence of wealth and rank, says the Whig. Communism is opposed to the laws of political economy, says the Radical. Communism means something foreign and French, says John Bull. Communism means burglary, says the timid old housekeeper. Communism means that *I* am not to do what I like with *my own*, says the respectable gentleman. Communism is Socialism, says every body else who knows nothing better to say. What, then, *is* this new, and terrible, and far-spreading thing?

In a word, Communism is that system which advocates a joint and equal sharing of the products of united labour. The ordinary, but by no means universal, system of the present social fabric is not Communism, but Individualism.

* Since the following pages were written, an Encyclical Letter has been issued by Pius IX. condemning with authority those revolutionary schemes which we have here, as a theory, attempted to overthrow by argument.

Individualism, indeed, practises united labour, but it upholds an unequal division of profits, and urges each individual person to obtain as large a share as possible of the productions of human industry for himself. *Competition* is the watchword of Individualism; *union* is the watchword of Communism.

The chief instrument by which Individualism maintains its sway, and exercises its overwhelming power over the destinies of man, is what we technically term "capital;" that is, an accumulation, more or less large, of the products of the labour of man, which enables its possessor to *employ* his fellow-creatures on such terms as he pleases to make with them, and to take for himself a certain portion of the results of their toils, leaving to them the remainder. This capital is for the most part possessed in the shape of money, either in actual gold or paper, or in such a species of property as can be readily turned into money whenever its proprietor pleases.

The inevitable result of this use of capital, when acted upon for a few successive generations, is to widen to a frightful extent the distance between rich and poor. It makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, until the entire community is divided into two classes, one of which consists of a small minority holding gigantic possessions, and the other of an overwhelming majority for the most part sunk into miserable poverty or abject pauperism. This, we say, is the natural result of the system of Individualism, when not powerfully counteracted by one or both of the two systems which are its irreconcilable enemies, namely, Christianity and Communism. Christianity checks the suicidal operations of Individualism by controlling and lessening the selfishness of human nature, and making men less anxious to heap up wealth, and more ready to part with it when it is gained. Communism checks it by practising expedients for dividing the profits of human toil as nearly as possible in proportion to the amount of labour expended by each individual.

Capital, however, be it remembered, is not the *cause* of Individualism; nor yet is it the *cause*, in any strict sense of the word, of the miseries resulting from its uncontrolled influence. Capital is the result of the differences which exist between one man and another man, between one family and another family, between one nation and another nation. In other words, to use the language of a Christian, it is the consequence of the fall of man, either wholly or in great part. If the paradisiacal state of innocence had continued unbroken, all men would perhaps have been equal in bodily health and strength, in physical necessities, and in intellectual powers. But whether or no the intellects of all the children of Adam

and Eve would have been equally perfect, or nearly so, it is undeniable that capital is practically the result of the sins, the infirmities, the incapacities, and the ignorances of man. It results from his sins, whenever the strong man seizes, either by force or fraud, the productions of the toils of the weak, and adding it to the productions of his own toil, possesses more than he is compelled to consume for his immediate necessities, and lays it up as *property*. It results from man's infirmities, incapacities, and ignorances, whenever one man being unable, or unwilling, to produce as much by his own labours as his fellow-man produces, is compelled to resort to the aid of that fellow-man, and by the help of his superabundant possessions, to obtain either present support or the necessary means for labouring for the future. Thus, pressed by circumstances, the infirm, the ignorant, and the dull, *make a bargain* with the strong, the well-informed, and the clever, by which they agree, in return for their present aid, to hand over to them some portion of the good things they may produce. And thus the rich become still richer than before.

It is manifest, further, that as this process goes on incessantly repeated, the capitalist becomes every day more and more the master of his fellow-creatures' abilities and toils. Every day he adds to his own store, and thus is enabled more and more to make his own terms with those who seek his aid in order to employ their natural powers of labour. Exactly in proportion to the depth of a man's purse can he make advantageous bargains with his fellow-creatures. He can offer them whatever terms he pleases, because, without his help to start with, they have no means for labouring at all; and if they cannot labour, they must starve. For the moment a country becomes fully inhabited, a man *must* commence with some considerable capital, in order to work at all. When the land is not all parcelled out among proprietors, a poor man has simply to dig, sow, plant, and reap, on some vacant spot; although even here he must go to the capitalist and bargain for his implements of husbandry. But when the land is all occupied, and, as population increases, the social state swarms with human beings, who must labour or die, it is clear that a wealthy man can make any terms he pleases with those who cannot labour without his help. If the labourer recoils from an agreement by which almost the whole of his production goes to his employer, the employer turns round, and falls back upon his own accumulated wealth, and bids the labourer starve and perish. And the more vast is that accumulated wealth, the longer can the capitalist hold out against the poor man. If the labourer will not work for

him, "Very well," replies the capitalist, "I can live upon my present property;" and the poor man dies. At the same time, also, the capitalist is hardly ever driven thus to live upon his capital; for as the multitude of the poor increase, if he cannot find one labourer to accept his terms, another will. And thus, the moment the wealth of the rich is sufficiently large to enable them to hold out against the demands of the poor, that moment the rich are enabled to reduce the wages of the poor to the point which just touches upon starvation.

Such was the condition of the Roman empire before it fell. Imperial Rome, while her armies swept the plains and scaled the mountains of Europe, Africa, and Asia, became at home a nation divided between enormous capitalists and paupers. Her strength thus passed away from her, and she fell. Then all was broken up; property fell into different hands, and was subdivided into innumerable portions. Misery the most horrible was the immediate result; but when the season of conflicts, spoliation, and carnage was past, by degrees a new civilisation arose; order and law prevailed; property began by degrees to assert its power, and, in the end, we were brought to that social state in which we now find ourselves placed.

And now again the old headlong course is being run. Money, the root of all evil, is eating into the heart of the social fabric. In Great Britain, especially, we are rapidly passing into a nation of capitalists and paupers; while there is scarcely a European people which does not betray the same tokens of a tendency to dissolution and ruin. They who can look backwards only a quarter, or a fifth of a century, can well discern how much poorer the poor are becoming, in comparison with the rich; how strikingly the average means of the vast middle class have diminished; and how portentously awful are the fortunes of the few and the great. Every where the land is becoming the property of a few enormous proprietors. Estates, of from ten or fifteen acres, up to 200 or 300, are rapidly disappearing from the kingdom; and it is almost within the memory of living persons, that there were three times as many landed proprietors in this nation as at present, while the actual population is now twice as large as it was then. Law, police, benevolent institutions, machinery, means of production, means of conveyance and transit, every thing that can add to the actual amount of national wealth, continue to improve and add to the actual possessions of the kingdom; but capital, with its iron rule, goes on dividing these possessions in proportions ever more and more unfavourable to the producing classes; and in the end, if its

tyranny be not overawed and controlled, it must turn round upon those whose bidding it has done, and overwhelm them, with their slaves, in one gulf of ruin. The wealth of the nation will increase until its strength is gone from it. Thus, while *giving* is twice blest, both to him that gives and to him that receives, *gaining* is twice cursed, both to him that gains and to him that suffers loss.

Writhing, groaning, and tortured beneath this adamantine sway of capital, the vast universal mind of the labouring classes of Europe is turning to the system of Communism as the cure for all its evils. None but the blind can avoid perceiving that in spite of the overwhelming odds against which it has to contend, the spirit of Communism is rapidly advancing in almost every civilised people. The obstacles it has to contend with are mighty indeed, but still it makes its way. It has to struggle with the grasping covetousness of the great capitalist, against whose system it wages war. It has to fight with the natural disinclination of every conservative mind to accept any thing which looks like a theory. It is bitterly denounced by the votaries of the modern science of political economy, embracing all that numerous and powerful class which in England comprises the Whigs and Whiggish Radicals, and in France the *juste-milieu* of Louis Philippe, Guizot, and Thiers. And still more to its disadvantage, it is taken up and upheld by a large portion of the scum of Europe; by that refuse of mankind who put it forth as a pretext for revolution and plunder, and who would be the first to disdain the yoke it would impose upon them. Nevertheless, all around us it yet lives and gathers strength, none can tell how fearful. And therefore, though now at length condemned by an authority to which all Catholics must bow, it must still be met with those arguments to which alone they who disown the rights of the Pope will consent to yield.

Let us, therefore, if we would test Communism itself to its foundations, and ascertain whether any thing that is good may be wrung from it, begin by separating it from its mischievous and justly detested adjuncts. In the first place, let us mark that necessarily it has nothing whatever to do with spoliation, or robbery, or revolution, or violent change. It seeks in no way whatsoever to alter the present social system, except by peaceable means, and by inducing its opponents to give it their support of their own free accord. It would not touch a single guinea of the millionaire, or alienate a solitary acre from the proprietor of whole parishes and districts, except by coming into the market, and paying the fair price to those who may wish to sell. It has nothing on earth to do

with any of those horrible theories which would attack the sanctity of the marriage bond, or destroy the privacy and purity of the domestic hearth. All this, its advocates say, is no part of Communism as such. Doubtless, these and other monstrosities, crimes, and absurdities, have been perpetrated by its advocates, and many an ill-judged experiment has been made in its furtherance which has brought loss and shame to its devisers. But, they assert, these things are no more a necessary part of Communism than tyranny is a necessary part of government, or a hatred for the poor the consequence of the possessing an income of 500*l.* a-year. And, as our readers will see, we have enough to allege against the Communistic principle without charging it with the crimes of men who only make it a stalking-horse for their iniquities, or the follies of its more rash and headstrong, though zealous, friends. Moreover, if Communism is a terrible evil, and is therefore to be confronted and subdued, it must be met, not with misrepresentations, or by imputing to it excesses which are equally chargeable upon every thing human that ever existed; but by fairly, calmly, and charitably investigating its real nature, and by extracting from it whatsoever it may contain that is good, practicable, and Christian.

Apart, then, from its perversions, exaggerations, and baneful accompaniments, Communism, pure and unmitigated, advocates an equal division of the products of united labour in all things. Whatever is produced by joint human toil, whether it be in the way of agriculture, or manufactures, or the arts, or literature, Communism would make all parties contribute an equal amount of labour, all bring their productions to the common stock, and all share by an equal division of the entire contributions. This, we say, is professed Communism, carried to its fullest limit, and free from the corruptions and crimes with which it is accompanied.

The upholders of the system in this its naked form defend it by such arguments as the following. They allege that in the nature of things there is no reason why the whole result of a man's labour should not go to himself, or why, when he and others unite in labour, and divide the character of their occupations, the joint produce should not be equally divided. Such, they assert, *would be* the state of things, were there neither crime, sickness, nor grovelling ignorance among men; and *therefore*, say they, true wisdom urges us to endeavour to reconstitute the social fabric on a system as nearly as possible similar to that of a state of paradisiacal innocence. The miseries and horrors of the opposite system, they assert, no man can deny; let us, then, in order to remedy them, seek by all

peaceable means to adopt principles to the utmost extent opposed to it. They do not say, be it observed, that no individual man is to be possessed of any property at all. They do not ask—at least this is no *necessary* part of Communism—to have every thing cast into an indivisible common stock, from which each person helps himself according to his needs. This is not *their* theory, though it is the theory often imputed to them by their enemies. They say, let every thing that a society of workers produces be first put together in one vast common property, and then *equally* shared amongst all who have equally laboured in its production. Such, they profess, is the natural dictate of unsophisticated reason and common sense; and such would be a sure remedy for the miseries of modern times.

Then, further, they remind us that a species of Communism was practised by the earliest Christians, under the sanction of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ. “All they that believed,” say the Scriptures, “were together, and had all things in common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need.” This communistic system was also sanctioned by one of the most awful judgments upon sinners recorded in Holy Writ. Ananias and Saphira were members of this Communist society, and professing to contribute to the common stock the whole of their property, they kept back a part of it, and were struck with instant death for the deception. And it is to be observed, that so truly did the Communist principle of the first Christians receive the sanction of Almighty God, that when Ananias and Saphira uttered their falsehoods to St. Peter, the Apostle, the chief ruler of the Church himself, told them that they had lied to the Holy Ghost. All this, say our modern Communists, proves that their system is not only permitted and sanctioned, but enforced by the rules of the Christian religion.

Again, they recall to our recollection the fact that Communism is not merely a theory, tried for a brief space and on a small scale by the primitive Christians, and then given up as impracticable; but that for 1500 years the Catholic Church has practised it, in its utmost unmitigated extent, in innumerable instances, and that at this moment she is practising it with undiminished consistency and unvarying success in every nation under heaven. Every monastery and convent is a Communist society, in its most unmodified form. Each member works according to his abilities, and contributes his productions to the common stock; and to such an extent is the Communist principle carried out in these establishments, that

it is only by a species of necessary relaxation of the ordinary rule that any individual monk or nun is permitted to use as his or her own any portion of the common property. And to the wonderful results of this system in creating wealth, both material and intellectual, the Communists point, in reply to the sneers of the political economist, who pretends that in a Communist society there would exist no sufficient motives for labour. Look, say they, at the marvellous results of monastic labour, in whatever direction it is exerted. See what the Benedictines and Jesuits have done, and still are doing, in the world of letters. Read the history of the dark and middle ages, and see what monastic Communism did for agriculture, science, architecture, and all the arts of civilisation. Look around you at this moment, and mark with what sure though slow steps the Catholic religious houses are creating and laying up property in England, while overwhelming money difficulties press upon all the rest of the English Catholic body. Visit Mount St. Bernard in Leicestershire, said a Protestant clergyman, when recently advocating the principles of Communism to a Protestant audience; see there how a society of monks have converted one of the most desolate and irreclaimable of spots into a blooming garden, fertile to an extent that again and again supplies all the necessities of those who have thus almost created bread from stones. Or again, remember Paraguay. Where else has the world beheld so blessed a picture of regenerated man as in those extraordinary Jesuit missions among the Indians, where Communism was consistently practised, and where peace, plenty, and holiness flourished, until the ferocity and jealousy of neighbouring states burst in and swept the new Eden from the face of the earth? How, then, can men of sense; and still more, how can men who profess to reverence the Bible; and still more again, how can Catholics, oppose the spread of these principles, sanctioned as they are by Apostles and by the most devoted Christians of every age, and confirmed by the experience of fifteen centuries?

Again, they say to us, See how your boasted Individualism is powerless to sustain itself without calling in the aid of Communism in repeated instances. What is a partnership between two or more persons but Communism? Do not the partners agree to lay aside all personal competition, each contributing his share of labour, and dividing the produce, either equally or on some definite agreement fundamentally opposed to the principles of Individualism? What are life and fire insurances, friendly societies, club-houses, and unions of all possible kinds, from a country book-society upwards, but

adoptions of the Communist system? Above all, what is the poor-law but rank, unmixed Communism? What is it, in the eyes of Christians at least, but an admission of the principle that man has a right to live from the produce of the earth which God has made, unless he refuse to labour; that there *is* a point at which the system of competition must stop, and fall back upon Communism, unless we would be guilty of our brother's blood, and at the same time destroy ourselves and the social fabric which we have created, by every man's seeking his own and not another's wealth?

These, and such like, are the arguments urged by the intelligent Communist; and we think few of our readers will deny that at the very least they demand a calm and clear reply. A theory which has as much as this to say for itself, is not to be put down by a turning up of the nose, by a few hard names, or by an exhibition of the ridiculous antics or outrageous enormities of many of its supporters. Common prudence bids us look the matter fairly in the face, and never rest until we have either found a fair, consistent, and Christian reply to its claims, or have resolved at all costs to adopt views to which we can furnish no reasonable objection.

To Communism, then, even as expounded by its own best advocates, we conceive that an unanswerable objection exists in the very nature of man himself. If the nature of *things* recommends Communism, the nature of *man* makes it an impossibility; at least until all the world are devoted and self-denying Christians. Believing, as Catholics, that mankind is corrupt, not merely by accident and by education, but by nature, we are confident that the intense selfishness which is its ruling principle will ever make Communism an impossibility, except as a modification of its opponent system, or in a few isolated instances in which the ordinary laws of human life are held in check, or are changed. The love of self and of possessions which is born with every child of Adam, and which nothing but the renewing grace of the Holy Ghost can conquer, much less eradicate, will, as a general rule, burst through every regulation which a Communist society might set up for the equal distribution of the products of its industry. The weak will be crushed by the strong; the healthy will not endure to toil for the sickly, on the condition that he is to give up to him any thing more than a bare subsistence; the cunning will defraud the simple; those who lose their all by accidents will be regarded with an evil eye by those who prosper; while the differences in intellectual and physical ability will perpetually cast an apple of discord into the midst of the most closely

united friends, and produce jealousy, anger, hatred, and every evil passion. Unmixed Communism is a fair-weather system. It will be prostrated by the first storm of adversity. The moment the natural and unavoidable ills of humanity touch its structure, it will totter, fall, and crush those who are dwelling beneath its shadow.

The very instances which are brought forward in its support do in reality prove that its adoption as the basis of society is impossible. If it was found to answer by the primitive Christians, why did they give it up? If St. Peter and the other Apostles considered it desirable that Communism should become the *permanent* system of the Christian Church, why do we find no hint of its adoption in their writings, and in the writings of their successors? Why, on the contrary, do we find so many directions for the guidance of rich and poor, which presuppose the continuance of Individualism? And as the Catholic Church has ever maintained an ardent devotion to the monastic system, and has had already fifteen centuries to enable her to watch its results, why has she never thought of extending a pure Communism beyond the limits of her religious houses, except in the very unusual combination of circumstances which enabled the Jesuits to establish it in Paraguay? Why is this, but because she has found it impossible, with all its advantages, to carry it out in a world of which the majority care little or nothing for religion and the good of their fellows; and in which none, even the most holy, are free from infirmities? We would advise the maintainers of unmixed Communism to put this question to the superiors and other inmates of any monastic establishments in the whole world:—"Would it be possible for you to enforce your system of community of goods without the aid of your other two vows of celibacy and obedience?" We are confident that there is, perhaps, not a monk or nun in the whole of Christendom, of average intelligence, who would not unhesitatingly reply that, from their own experience, they were confident it would be an utter impossibility. The argument drawn from monasticism does not, indeed, hold good for a moment; because it overlooks the triple vow which gives to monastic Communism all its strength. Take away that solemn consecration of self, by which the monk binds himself, not only to give up his claims to individual property, but to abstain from marriage, and to obey his superior with absolute obedience, and the whole edifice falls to the ground.

At the same time, we most fully and gladly admit that the parallel drawn from the monastic system is an unanswerable confutation of the assertions of political economists, that

Communism is adverse to the creation of wealth. It proves, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that where Communism *can* be established, it is the deadliest foe of pauperism. If it diminishes the mad ardour with which the selfish system of competition drives men on to heap up a boundless treasure, at the same time it not only adds to the actual amount of production, but it provides for the sick, the infirm, the aged, the ignorant, and the imbecile. At this present moment there are perhaps no human beings who, judging by the ordinary course of affairs, are so sure of never falling into abject want, as the members of those Catholic religious houses who have had time to carry out their principles to any fair extent. It is easier for a duke to become a beggar than for a monk; except, of course, in those orders whose rule it is to hold *no* property whatsoever.

Nor, further, can any thing whatsoever in the way of proof of the possibility of permanent Communism be drawn from the wonderful fruits of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. In the first place, those missions only lasted for a comparatively brief period; and though it is true that they were destroyed by violence from without, and not by decay within, yet, as a matter of fact, they were *not* permanent, and therefore cannot be employed as a proof in favour of the permanence of such societies. But even supposing that these wonderful missions had endured for centuries in all their pristine perfection, how would they shew that a similar perfection was attainable under the influence of a different religious faith? It was not its Communism which gave its vital energy to the Indian society in Paraguay, but its religion. It was the personal innocence and devoted Catholicism of its members, it was the skilfully exerted energies and ruling wisdom of the Society of Jesus, which thus planted a paradise in the midst of a heathen world. Had the Jesuits left Paraguay; had the uncorrected worldliness and selfishness of humanity once found a footing among those civilised Indians; had their faith been taught to waver, or their devotion waxed cold; farewell in a moment all the blissful realities in which they lived. The day that lowered their character as Christians would have destroyed for ever their character as Communists.

Except, therefore, in a state of society approaching the perfections of millennial piety, we account Communism, as the general foundation of civil society, a baseless vision. Man's natural heart, Satan, and sin, are too strong for it. It is only possible in such circumstances as those of monastic houses, where the souls of the inmates are bound by the most solemn

vows to aim at the noblest and most self-denying perfection; where virginity is held in the highest honour; and where the will of a superior, and the rule of an elaborately framed body of statutes, guide the daily and hourly life of every member, and exercise over him a military command.

At the same time, we cannot but hope and believe that a modified system of combination is not only a possibility, but an admirable means for elevating the condition of our poor, which has but to be wisely essayed to bring forth the happiest results. We can see no reason in the world why the very same principle on which attorneys, doctors, bankers, and men of every species of trade, combine to labour in common, and to divide the fruits of their industry, should not be put into practice by the poor man with equally beneficial consequences. Why a deadly struggle in the way of competition should be wisdom in the mechanic and the peasant, while it is generally fatal to the manufacturer and the farmer, we cannot conceive. That the products of toil are, under our present system, divided in a frightful disproportion to the labour and risk undergone by those who share them, no reasonable man can deny. It is an awful thought to reflect that millions of our fellow-countrymen barely contrive to exist; and that the vast multitude of our artisans and field-labourers are in such a state of poverty, that—to mention only one feature of their case—they are compelled to inhabit dwellings destructive alike of health, of decency, and of morality. The most zealous lover of things as they are, if he have but a Christian heart beating in his bosom, must grant that the distance between our rich and our poor is too great, and that the present system takes from the sons of toil too large a portion of their earnings, or what ought to be their earnings. And such a man ought to hail with delight every institution which should diminish the number of paupers, and lift up the labouring man a step or two in the scale of society, and distribute the enormous wealth which this country annually produces, with a little less benefit to the millionaire, and a little more benefit to the ploughman and the factory-girl. Wages, in almost every occupation, are—it cannot be rationally doubted—too low; and therefore, while we maintain the absolute impossibility of prudently revolutionising our social system, we yet are bound to cherish every practicable scheme for bettering the condition of the working man, even though it be conducted upon that principle of combination which hitherto we have claimed for our own use alone.

This, then, is at present the practical difficulty of the labouring classes, commonly so called. They have no means

of employing the little capital they may possess to any great advantage; and they have no means of escaping from that ruinous competition among themselves, which enables the great capitalist to use them as his slaves. One slight alleviation of their troubles is all they can rely upon, and one insane measure of violence is all they can adopt, to ensure, as they imagine, a better state of things. The savings-bank, with its low interest, is the only practicable and safe instrument by which the poor man can employ his savings to any advantage whatsoever; and a combination to strike for higher wages is all that he can betake himself to with a view to increase his weekly gains. The madness of the system of strikes, and the ruin it brings both upon master and workmen, together with the intolerable increase of power which it confers on the most wealthy of the wealthy, is known to all the rich, and, we trust, to many of the poor also. But—to dwell for a moment on that one single and real alleviation of poverty which we have specified—let any man, not of the ranks of the toiling multitude, be asked how *he* would endure a state of society in which, whatever his savings and whatever his industry, there existed no possible means by which he might gain more than about three per cent for the capital he had accumulated, and in which he was surrounded by a countless crowd, all offering to do the work which he does at the lowest price which his employer thought fit to give. We should like to inflict this state of things for one single day upon our enormous trading, commercial, and professional world of England, that we might only hear the universal cry of horror and anger which would shake our shores from Cornwall to Caithness. We should like to involve our tens of thousands of barristers, solicitors, physicians, apothecaries, architects, engineers, bankers, and all the rest of their class, in one tumultuous struggle of competition, in which the present rules of professional honour and mutual forbearance were trodden under foot, and gentlemen were forced to bring their labour to market on the same terms as mechanics and husbandmen. We should like to behold the countenances of the grocers, the butchers, the haberdashers, the farmers, the clothiers, and the merchants, if they were suddenly to learn that the great and glorious privilege of investing their capital in a savings-bank was the only means remaining to them for employing their wealth to the utmost possible advantage.

Why, then, we ask, is that privilege of profitably employing his capital, and making the most of his labour, which all Britons conceive to be their inalienable right, to be denied to that class who the most need such help in their necessities?

Surely, if the law of justice and mercy swayed our hearts, we should desire to see the poor man in possession of *greater* facilities for employing his savings and selling his labour for a good price, than those which the wealthy possess. The shop-keeper, the professional man, and the merchant, at any rate live in tolerable comfort, if not in enervating luxury; while the mechanic can barely clothe, house, and feed himself and his children; so that if a distinction is to be made in favour of one class, every Christian feeling would plead for its being granted to the children of poverty and sorrow. How much more, then, have we a right to be heard, when we ask only that some small measure of those advantages hitherto exclusively the property of the rich should be extended to the poor, and that without the slightest shadow of detriment to the wealthy!

But it is only by a modified application of the principle of combination that the labourer *can* employ his savings to advantage, or make a better bargain for his own personal toils. The savings of the poor are so small, that it is only by *co-operation* that they can turn them to any use whatsoever as capital. When they stand alone, having little or nothing to fall back upon, and none of that *credit* which is the soul of trade and commerce, they are ever compelled to purchase what they need *at a higher price* than is paid by the rich; while the few shillings or pounds they can sometimes lay by are totally unequal to the task of serving as a foundation on which to buy and sell with a better profit. It is only by erecting an immense partnership that they can create any sum worthy to be termed capital, and which can be employed so as to yield a reasonable commercial return for the investment. And it is only by employing one another in the active use of such subscribed sums that they can ensure for themselves a larger share in the results of their industry than is possible elsewhere. They cannot *force* the wealthy to employ them on their own terms. When they seek to do this, and "strike" for higher wages, defeat, misery, and starvation are the inevitable results. They must throw their savings into one common stock, and employ one another as far as possible in the labour necessary to turn that stock to profit, and divide their gains on equal terms. In a word, they must do on a larger scale of numbers what is done by innumerable houses of trade and business in every civilised country in the world. Such a partnership as this, controlled, as it now may be, by legal enactments, and protected by the acts of Parliament which protect such institutions as Friendly-societies, we cannot but believe to be both practicable and easy of accomplishment by well-informed and energetic men. If united labour is both possible

and advantageous in Paternoster Row and Lombard Street, why is it not both possible and advantageous among the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the peasantry of every county in the empire? If a vast and most profitable trade can be carried on by a capital subscribed in hundreds of pounds, why cannot the same be done, on a smaller scale, by a capital subscribed in sovereigns and shillings?

We can see but one necessary condition of its success; men themselves above the condition of the poor must superintend and encourage the formation of such associations. The poor are too ill informed in the laws of trade and speculation to be able to conduct such affairs unaided by the advice of men of leisure, education, and experience. We have seen already what was the fate of innumerable clubs and benefit societies, until a few zealous and intelligent gentlemen resolved not to see the poor man plunging himself into still deeper poverty, through mere ignorance and mismanagement. And similar disasters we should expect from any association of labouring men for the purpose of trade or agriculture, when not strictly governed under Acts of Parliament, and assisted by men of wealth, station, and experience. But that the system of Friendly-societies *cannot* be so far extended as to enable the poor to make use of their savings to some real commercial profit, we are indeed slow to believe.

Our readers are further, perhaps, not generally aware that there already exist instances, both in this country and in France, and in other parts of the continent, in which this combined action has been attempted with the happiest results. To the foreign cases we shall not now refer, contenting ourselves with citing the progress of a society of this kind which has been established in Leeds, and up to this time has shewn every sign of vitality and prosperity. The Leeds Redemption Society is an association of working men, aided by others of a higher class in life, who subscribe certain small weekly and annual sums, and employ the sum subscribed in agriculture, with a view ultimately to combine with it both manufactures and trades. It has now existed for four years, and is in possession of a large farm in Wales; and it appears to be steadily progressing on its way. Of course this is but a single case, and we know too well how little can be calculated upon from the fairest of beginnings, to build much upon a single instance. Unlike, however, those schemes which the Chartists attempted, and in which they signally failed, the Leeds Redemption Society appears to be founded on sure business principles, and its supporters of various ranks are perpetually increasing.

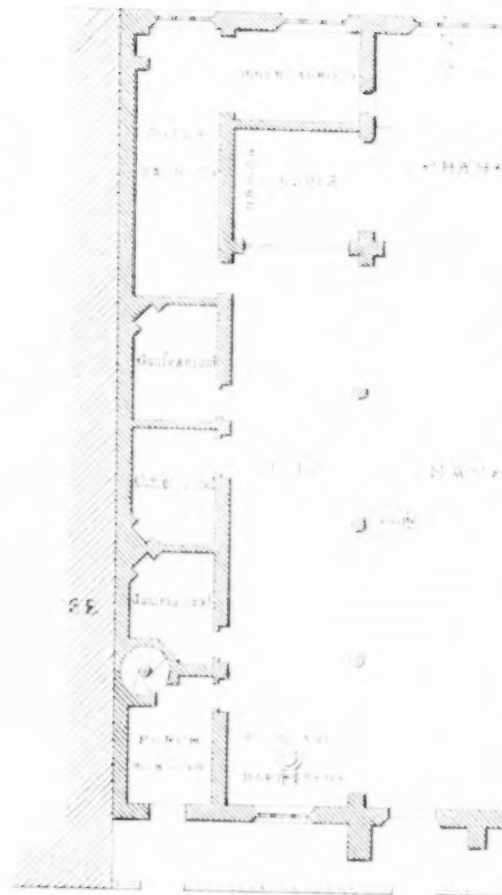
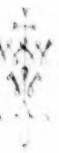
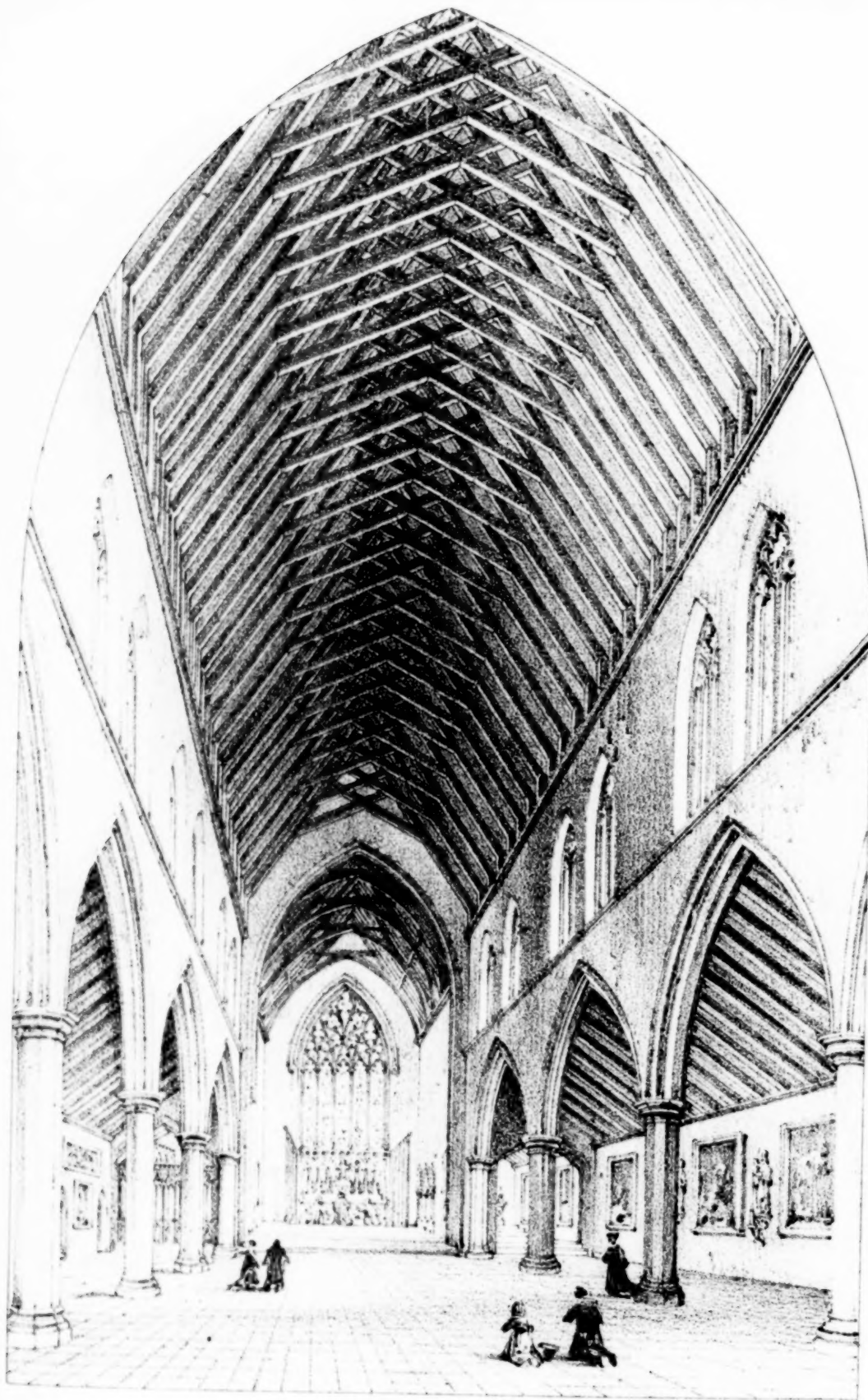
On the whole, we are disposed to expect that such partnerships as we have described will ultimately spread throughout England, to an extent little contemplated by those who start from the very idea, as though such a system were as hateful as it is new. And a curious thing it will be to watch the progress of popular opinion in its regard, as represented by its recognised organs of the press. At the present hour, scarcely one of the influential and popular newspapers vouchsafes a word in favour of any such scheme. They all rant and clamour about Chartism and Revolutionism, forgetting that hardly a newspaper exists which is not upheld by the very system they denounce. Of the more respectable portion of the general English press, the *Spectator* alone regards this union of labour with a favourable eye. But by and by the tide will turn, and they who follow its ebb and flow will be forced either to swim with or to stem the torrent. We shall see the *Times*, with that exquisitely clever and ridiculous self-complacency which is its great characteristic, gravely assure its readers that to *this* movement it has *always* been friendly. Before the *Times*, however, ventures on this announcement, we shall behold either the Tory *Post* or the reforming *Chronicle* come vigorously forth in defence of the poor man's claims and savings. The *Examiner* will wait till the upholders of the system are in office in Downing Street; while the *Herald* nails its ragged colours to the mast, and dies complaining; and the *Daily News*, faithful to the cotton lords, its only friends, demonstrates to the meanest capacity that the system on which Richard Cobden and John Bright have grown wealthy as nobles, and which has given to the names of Rothschild and Baring a world-wide celebrity, is fatal to the destinies of every human being whose hands are black with smoke and hard with labour, and who is clothed in fustian or velveteen.

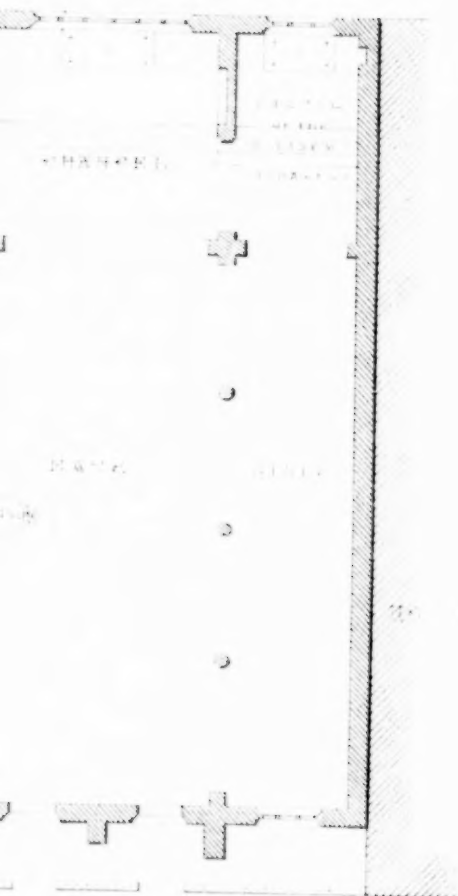
TOWN CHURCHES.

WE present our readers with the second of the promised series of designs for town churches. It is from the pencil of Mr. Wardell, of Hampstead, and of its merit we think there can be but one opinion. Mr. Wardell has favoured us with the following description of the building and its details.

The plan consists of a nave and two aisles, chancel, chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, a chamber for the organ







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and choir, an inner and outer sacristy, a porch, with a room above from which the church may be watched; three rooms, with a fire-place in each, for confessionals, and for receiving persons for instruction, &c. It is designed for a piece of ground about 70 feet wide and 90 feet deep, and is calculated to accommodate 800 persons. There are no galleries of any kind. The ground plot is supposed to be enclosed on both sides by houses, so that light can only be obtained from the clerestory and the east and west windows. If light could not be had from the east end, the difficulty would be met by having a clerestory to the chancel; which, as it is, is not necessary. The west window, under ordinary circumstances, is a little too large for its position, but its size is here essential for light. The confessionals and outer sacristy are lighted by openings pierced in their southern wall, which is raised above the roof of the aisle. The arrangement for the organ, &c. it is believed will be found both effective and convenient, as it is not so enclosed as to prejudice the sound; and being placed on the floor, and adjoining the chancel, is easy of access, and is directly under the eye of the officiating clergy. If, however, it should be desired to have a third altar (for the Blessed Virgin, for instance), this might be made a chapel, and the organ and choir moved to the westernmost bay of the south aisle (opposite the baptistery); and this would be certainly the next best place for it. The baptistery is at the west end of the north aisle, near the porch. The small door from the inner sacristy to the chancel is proposed for the convenience of the priest or sacristan at certain times; but the doorway for the clergy going to the altar, or for processions, &c. would be that which leads from the outer sacristy into the aisle. It will be observed that the rooms adjoining the north aisle being used for confessions, or for persons requiring interviews with the priests, the sacristies may be kept free from intrusion, and used exclusively for their proper purpose. The parvise or small room over the porch would have a window opening into the aisle, to afford means for watching the church when left open. There is no rood-screen shewn, that the chancel may be seen better in the drawing; and although the architect himself thinks no church can be considered complete or finished without a screen, yet whether there shall be one or not is of course a question for the clergyman to decide who builds the church.

The design would be much improved by substituting one central doorway to the nave for the two as shewn; but the two doors opening directly into the church are proposed more for the facility of egress than of ingress, as the pressure and

crowding at the doors when a large congregation is leaving the church is most inconvenient. There is a third doorway through the porch. It is presumed that chairs alone would be used, and benches altogether excluded. There is ample space on the side walls of the aisles for pictures and images; and this position is recommended as being much more desirable than the clerestory walls, as pictures placed there are not only too far off for ordinary sight, but cannot generally be even looked at without pain to the eyes, from the glare of light from the neighbouring windows.

The church would be built of Kentish ragstone, with Caen stone dressings; and the architect is of opinion that its cost would not exceed 4000*l.*, including altars, two bells, and *fabrie* fittings, but exclusive of organ, vestments, altar-furniture, pictures, &c.

As has been stated, the arrangement here made for the position of the organ is that which we have reason to believe to be best adapted for the purposes of a Catholic choir. Unfortunately this is a point which has been often grievously neglected by modern church-builders. It has been forgotten that in Gothic times organs were so scarce, that no provision whatever is made for them in the old churches. The very first organ which was built in England dates with the reign of King Charles II. Hence, for this reason, as for various others, a mere copy or revival of a building of the fourteenth century is practically extremely ill adapted to the wants of the Church of to-day.

We should also, in justice to the architect, again request our readers to bear in mind, that the present series of designs is merely put forth to shew what *can* be done with extremely limited means. Nothing could be more unfair, either to the various styles illustrated, or to the architects themselves, than to look upon these humble suggestions as designs for model-churches, or as intended to answer any other purpose than that for which they are specially proposed. In every separate instance, also, many alterations might be made, according to the necessities, or taste, or wishes, of those who might be disposed to adopt it, or something very like it, for actual use. In fact, the drawings are little more than hints, intended to furnish the non-professional church-builder with some idea of the kind of structure which he might hope to raise when pinching necessity—and who is not pinched in these days?—compels him to adopt an economy as rigid as it is disagreeable.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Continued from p. 55.]

CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR MALMONT.

For some time Charles Burleigh remained without uttering a word. By degrees he grew a trifle calmer, and as soon as it seemed wise to speak to him, his venerable friend attempted the task of consolation.

"Remember, my dear Charles," he said, "that what is a bitter loss to you is unquestionably an indescribable gain to the little one who has just left us."

"Oh, do not speak to me about consolation, sir," cried the young man; "it was *I* who killed her, with my folly and madness in talking to her as I did."

"Indeed, Charles, you are most unreasonable. You were no more the cause of Mary's accident than I was. I might as well say that *I* killed her, as that you did. And certainly it *does* pierce me to the heart to think that she was sitting upon my knee, and that I *might* have saved her if I had been more careful to prevent her from falling. But my common sense tells me that this is but a vain adding to a sorrow already sufficiently bitter, and serves only to make us forget that the hand of God is to be recognised in death as well as in life, and that our dear Mary is already enjoying a happiness compared to which her happiest moments while she was alive were care and anguish."

"Ah, M. Malmont," replied Charles, "if that were only a certain truth, instead of one of those delightful fancies which we conjure up for ourselves to make death seem less dreadful than it is!"

"It is no fancy, Charles, you may rest assured," replied Malmont; "I am as confident that our dear child is at this moment enjoying an unspeakable bliss, as that you and I are now talking together."

Charles shook his head in doubt and disagreement; and Malmont continued.

"Why do you doubt, Charles?" he asked.

"It is all an unfathomable mystery," said the youth. "The more I think on the secrets of the unseen world, the more terrible

does its darkness appear. I *cannot* realise it as a truth that Mary is now in a state of bliss."

"Where, then, do you suppose she is?" asked Malmont.

"I cannot tell," said Charles; "I know nothing about it. It agitates me, it maddens me to think on all these things. I reason with myself; I argue with others; I read; I listen to what other people say; but there is a horrible weight on my heart, and a deadly gloom upon my mind, when I try to believe that *any thing* exists, except what my senses shew to me."

"I am not surprised, Charles, at what you say," rejoined Malmont, "and, considering all things, I am scarcely shocked at it; so do not be afraid to speak all your mind without reserve."

"Tell me, then, sir," said Charles, suddenly, "on your honour, what do you believe to be the condition of my sister at this moment?"

"I will tell you not only what I believe, but what I know," he replied. "Mary is, at this moment, contemplating that, to which all that mortal soul ever conceived in its loftiest imaginings is folly and vanity. Her young soul is absorbed in beholding, in loving, in adoring that Infinite and Incomprehensible Spirit, who originally called her into existence, and by whose will she, this very day, was taken away from amongst us. Not only are all her infantine faculties developed and perfected in a most wonderful manner, so that she is enabled to look upon God himself, and in some degree to comprehend his nature and his glory, but a joy and happiness has taken possession of her, filling her, and inebriating her with sensations so sweet, so transporting, that in our happiest moments on earth we can literally not even conceive of any thing so rapturous. That ineffable sight which is hidden from *our* eyes, the nature of God, and all his boundless perfections, is actually spread out before the marvelling gaze of her who, but an hour ago, was busied with the toys of infancy. O my God! may I one day join her before thy throne!" cried the old man, as his thoughts overcame him. Then he went on:

"And more than all this, Mary at this moment sees Him of whom you heard her speak to me so truly and lovingly not an hour ago. She sees Him who, though He is a man, and was once an infant like herself, was then, and still is, the Almighty God himself. She sees Him who shed his blood for her; she marks the prints of the nails and the wounded side, and she looks up into that countenance which beams with a more than human love; while He

contemplates *her* with divine complacency, as one of those whom He died to save, and whom his Father has given Him to be with Him where He is for ever.

"And still more, she looks around her, and sees the whole company of saints from Adam until now, with the angels of God, all sharing one common and never-ceasing happiness. She sees the mother of Jesus Christ, the patriarchs, the apostles, the martyrs, and, among the rest, her own infant brother, who went before her to his home, as you know, some years ago. Still more, also, she sees you, and me, and all of us, in this lower world; for as she sees God, in Him she sees all that He thinks fit to make manifest to her knowledge. And as she is not changed in herself, except so far as to be made perfect, she has not lost her identity, or her former love for you, and her parents, and for all she loved amongst us; and as she contemplates the infinite glories of her God and Saviour, she prays to Him on our behalf, that we may come and join her, and share her blessedness."

"Oh, that all this were indeed a truth!" cried young Burleigh. "Oh, why, why is it all so dark and mysterious? why cannot I know whether all this is true, or only a pious dream, a mockery to my soul, a fancy with which men have been deluding themselves for generations and generations?"

"It *is* true," rejoined Malmont, "if any thing in this world is true. *You* doubt it—I know it. You doubt it, and on no reasonable grounds whatever; I not only believe it on proofs such as no rational man ought to deny, but I know it from reasons in which I fear I should have little sympathy from you. Still if my words can be of comfort to you in your misery, you may take the assertion of one who has devoted his whole life to thoughts of another world, that your little sister is, at this very time, in happiness indescribable."

"Do you really mean, then, M. Malmont," asked Charles, "that *every* person who dies passes into this glorious existence? Why, that is the very thing which I *want* to believe; and yet in some way or other, I find it just as impossible to believe this as a reality, as to put my faith in all the dogmas of orthodox Christianity."

"Far from it, indeed," replied Malmont. "It is not all who are saved, but I know that our dear little Mary is one of those who are so."

"Why?" asked Charles. "Who told you so? You speak in riddles."

"Because I know she has been baptised, and was too young to have forfeited the gifts which her baptism conferred on her."

"What!" exclaimed Charles, "is *that* your only reason? Do you really mean to tell me that you, a man of sense and learning, and some seventy years of age besides, suppose a child's future destiny to depend upon the pouring a little water upon its head?"

"I am not now proving my faith to you, Charles," said Malmont; "nor even explaining it. I am only telling you what I believe, and what I know."

"Well, I *have* heard that you attribute great efficacy to these kinds of things," said the other. "I recollect, now you speak on the subject, hearing something or other about your actually baptising Mary yourself. Was it not so?"

"Yes, it was so, indeed. The child, when about a month old, was suddenly taken ill, when I was in the house, and seeing it was likely to die, I took it in my arms, and baptised it on the spot. As it happened, the child recovered; and your father and mother, with their old-fashioned Church-of-England ideas, were not satisfied without taking it to be christened by their regular minister at church. So, you see, I have the best reason for knowing that your sister received the grace of baptism."

"And supposing she had not been baptised," said I, here interrupting the conversation, to which Valentine and myself had been listening, with some little shame at the thought that we might be considered as intruders;—"supposing she had not been baptised; do you really mean to say, sir, that you imagine the innocent babe would have perished eternally?"

"Not so," replied Malmont; "I do not believe she would. I believe that she would have entered on a lower state of existence, perhaps some such as we enjoy in this life when we are freed from pains; but that she would not have been admitted into the actual presence of Almighty God."

"Ah, well!" interrupted young Burleigh; "it is well for you, M. Malmont, to be happy in these ideas of yours; but I cannot bring myself to believe any of these things. I feel nothing but terror and dread when I would pierce the veil that hides futurity from my eyes. Believe me, sir, with all my foolish and rude sayings to my poor father and mother, my heart is torn and shattered by agonising thoughts on these questions. I see my parents disposing of all the most awful and mysterious subjects coolly, and with no more knowledge of their mysteriousness than if they were so many

common, newspaper, every-day facts. I question them as to the grounds of their belief, but I get no satisfactory replies. The more deeply I try to probe their minds, the more am I convinced that they do not realise the meaning of their own words ; and so, while I reverence their simplicity and humble content, I am disgusted with all they would fain make me believe. Indeed, M. Malmont, when I try to think over my real state, belief, and prospects, I feel as if I was standing upon the brink of a tremendous cliff, in the darkest midnight. I hear the raging of the waves below me, but I see nothing. Every now and then I fancy I hear voices calling me, sometimes in anger, sometimes in mockery, sometimes in love ; and then I strain my ears with a wild energy to catch the sounds they utter ; but all is vain. I listen and listen ; but there is no sound except the rushing of the sea beneath my feet. And as there I stand, I feel tempted to cast myself down headlong, closing my eyes, and striving to embrace the vast, illimitable void before me ; and to find, by an awful experiment, what are indeed the realities that encompass me ; and even at the cost of death,—ay, death eternal !—to know, instead of being torn in pieces by this fearful doubt.”

“Do you mean that you sometimes contemplate suicide ?” asked Valentine, terrified at the youth’s vehemence.

“God forgive me for it,” exclaimed the youth ; “but so it is. I am literally frenzied with the tortures of thought within my breast. Wherever I turn, I find no rest ; for I find no knowledge. I perceive that I *can* learn what is true and prudent in all that is most transitory and worthless ; but I wander, in thought at least, through the universe, and find none to guide me, or to unfold to me the awful mysteries of my being. But I only shock and distress you, M. Malmont ; you never heard such sentiments from a young man before, I dare say.”

“Far from it, indeed, my poor young friend,” said the old man, gently and affectionately. “I understand you, and feel for you with all my heart. I know, I may say, by experience, how terribly powerful are such thoughts when once they have possession of the mind ; but I know also the remedy for them, though perhaps you could not, or would not, seek your cure in the same way that I have found mine.”

Charles made no reply, and I therefore again took up the conversation myself.

“I confess, sir,” I said, “that I am little enough predisposed to the ideas you seem to entertain respecting these subjects. Never

theless, the way you speak of yourself interests me excessively ; and if you would not think it impertinent, I should esteem it a great favour if you would tell us now at once by what steps you have come to regard matters in the light in which you appear to view them. I am sure my friend Mr. Valentine feels with me ; and though I cannot pretend to the same intense feelings on religious questions with Mr. Charles Burleigh, yet, believe me, it is from more than mere curiosity I put this request."

"I am not particularly fond of talking about myself," replied Malmont ; "but yet, as perhaps what I have to say may interest both you and my friend Charles, I will just give you a brief sketch of what I passed through when I was a much younger man than I am now.

"About thirty years ago, I was living in the place where I was born and bred, a small country town in the south of France. I inherited a moderate fortune, for a Frenchman, from my father, and passed my life in my own chateau, looking after my vineyards, and troubling myself little enough about politics, of which we were all rather tired at the time I speak of. My father was one of the few landed proprietors who had escaped without ruin during the troubles of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire. He was a quiet and devout old man, who cared little for this world, if only he could go to church peaceably, and gossip a little with the curé of the parish ; and I believe he had few troubles after he had recovered from his grief at my mother's death. His chief plague arose from myself, for I was a hot-headed vehement youth, independent in spirit, and, though I always abhorred the atheism and laxity of the times, yet my proud judgment often caused my gentle-minded father sore perplexities ; and I loved to puzzle him and the venerable old curé with questions, theological and philosophical, which their wits could never solve. On the whole, nevertheless, I was certainly a model to the usual young men of the times, and I despised them quite as much as I disliked their principles. The worst of it was, that I knew my own comparative worth, and cherished in myself an overweening confidence in my own integrity, faith, and piety, in an age when almost every youth was an infidel and a scoundrel of the first water.

"All went on pretty quietly with me, however. After a time I married, and was happy in my marriage. I had three children, and the longer I lived, the more I loved them and my wife, and the happier I grew. Still, there was an aching at my heart that I could never

cure. I tried all sorts of means, except positive vice, but in vain. I read, and talked, and meditated ; I strove to be a great philosopher as well as a good Christian. I took to sporting, in our quiet French way. I altered my house, and relaid out my grounds. For a time I was a fanatic in growing vines, and in trying to improve the quality of the wine produced in my neighbourhood. I was tolerably diligent in my religious duties of all kinds, but I *could* not throw my whole heart into them as I desired. I knew the folly and vanity of life and all earthly happiness, but my mind seemed chained down, not to positively vile things, but to worthless trifles, and I could not burst my bonds. I strove to reason myself into more fervent devotion, and perfect peace of mind. I scorned infidelity and licentiousness. I saw through its mockeries. I read the philosophy then on the increase in Germany, and detected, with triumphant delight, its sophistries and self-contradictions. As to the more wild and open atheism of my countrymen, I laughed at it, I abhorred it, I trampled on it. In short, I was as proud of being a Christian as they were of being unbelievers. I could not conceive how any man of common honesty and independence of judgment could doubt the faith in which I had been educated ; and as to all the separate objections to its individual doctrines, I treated them with contempt and pity, as the reveries of fools and ignorant persons.

“When my father died, I felt his loss a good deal ; and, for a while, the very sadness his death produced was a positive addition to my happiness ; for it softened my heart, and took me away from that perpetual self-contemplation which was my bane. After a time, however, this temporary gentleness wore off ; and I became more haughty than before. I grew irritable to my wife and family, and my days were sometimes spent in alternate fits of anger and repentance ; for I abhorred myself for my ill-humour and impatience, and strove to the utmost to make amends for my excesses of self-will.”

“That is just what I am ; or, rather, what I was,” interrupted young Burleigh ; “for I am getting worse than this every day that passes.”

Without noticing the interruption, Malmont continued :—“One day in particular, I was overwhelmed with my own tormenting thoughts. The weather was superbly beautiful, and I passed several hours by the side of a stream, overhung by thickly-wooded banks, on the top of which I sat, and watched the unceasing flow of the

clear waters below me. Not a sound broke the stillness of the summer morning, except the chirping of the birds, the hum of the bees, and the occasional splash of a tiny fish in the stream. There was that kind of feeling of peace and love pervading all around me of which one is conscious on some of the glorious days of June and July, and which, even in this colder country, I have sometimes experienced. But bright and tender as was all without, in my heart I was more bitterly conscious than ever of a want of harmony between myself and nature, or, rather, the God of nature. What to do, I knew not. My very soul ached and struggled, and I almost cried aloud with that undefinable anguish which the heart endures when she is not thoroughly at peace. I meditated, I prayed, and that fervently. I asked for rest, and power over myself, at all costs; and though I certainly little knew what I asked for, yet I have reason to believe that I was sincere in my prayers, and that, had the future been visibly set before my eyes, and a choice been given to me respecting my coming lot, I should have embraced that which was at once bitter and purifying, rather than the sweet and the deceptive. Still, with all my efforts, and all my sincerity, nothing more than a mere passing gleam of joy irradiated my soul. The old restlessness and want of self-command still clung to me; and almost more excited than usual, I walked home at the hour of dinner.

“The moment I entered the house, I perceived that something unusual and serious had taken place. An old servant came up, and saying, ‘Oh, Monsieur, have you seen Madame?’ urged me to seek my wife without an instant’s delay. My wife was not in the room where she was generally to be found at this hour of the day, and I ran with a beating heart upstairs to her bedroom. There she lay, insensible, upon the bed, with nearly the whole household crowded round her, and my children in tears, entreating the servants not to let their mother die. A doctor and a priest had been sent for, and soon arrived, but my wife never spoke again. Apoplexy had struck her in the midst of her health, and she never opened her eyes, nor breathed even a sigh.

“For myself, I was stunned, and was long time scarcely conscious of my loss. I went about my ordinary duties apparently calmly and regularly, and comforted my poor children as best I might, and not without success. By degrees their young hearts revived, and I watched them pass their days in alternations of grief and cheerfulness. But I remained the same. Sometimes I wept, sometimes I smiled, nor did I shun society; but in my secret heart I felt that

terrible sensation which had oppressed me before my wife's death more cruelly than ever. My faculties seemed leaving me. Intellectually, by efforts of thought, I comprehended my state, I reflected on the truths of religion, I rejoiced to believe that my wife had died in the faith, and with true penitence, for such she had always lived. All that the Church taught me to do for her, for myself, for my children, I carefully performed, not exactly mechanically, but yet not realising what I did. In fact, *nothing* seemed real to me. My own existence seemed almost a delusion or a dream. I felt as a drowning man must feel, who clings to the rock upon which he has not strength to climb, by a fragment which every moment threatens to be crushed beneath his grasp. The visible and the invisible world alike seemed hidden from my sight. Every now and then most awful temptations shook my soul. I was tempted to curse God and die. I was tempted to disbelieve, not only my faith as a Christian, but the very existence of God Himself. My health meanwhile was good, and few persons on conversing with me, or observing my daily life, would have supposed that I suffered more than was natural to one whose loss was as grievous as mine. At length I could scarcely pray at all. I did continue my regular prayers indeed, and even communicated oftener than before, for I was conscious of a greater religious sincerity than before my bereavement; but I became less and less able to bring myself to believe in any thing that was invisible, though in *my will*, I believe, my faith was quite unshaken. At the same time I stretched out my arms to embrace the cross that was given me to bear, striving to do so with a true heart, and with such joy, peace, and humility as I could command. Nothing, however, gave me any real satisfaction, except a brief prayer I frequently uttered that God would do *any thing* He pleased with me, if only He would save me from myself.

"I often used to ponder, too, in a sort of cold, speculative way, about my future lot. I thought over all things that might possibly occur to me, and strove to arm myself against every contingency; but in some way or other I never thoroughly contemplated the probability, or even possibility, of the affliction which next befel me. In one week my children all died, and I was left alone. A contagious fever, which broke out in my own house, carried them off one after the other, and I stood on earth as in the midst of a desert. The good curé of my parish strove most affectionately to console me; but for some reason or other, his words passed over me like a breeze upon the woods. They stirred the leaves, but left the deep-rooted

trunks unmoved. He praised me for my resignation; he exhorted me not to murmur or repine; he bade me contemplate the cross of Jesus Christ, and find consolation in his sufferings; he pointed out to me the benefits of tribulation; but when I tried to explain to him the inward state of all my thoughts, I soon found that, excellently as he replied to me when I confessed to him my positive and more grievous sins, he was unequal to fathoming the depths of my mental malady. At last I ceased to consult him, and struggled to bear up as best I might, trusting to those general directions which I knew that the best spiritual writers gave to persons in perplexity and affliction.

“It was not long, however, before my state became altogether unbearable. A bewildering and universal scepticism was day by day gaining more complete possession of my soul, and I was beginning to think how possible it was that all I had hitherto believed was nothing more than a delusion and a superstition. These thoughts haunted me like a spectre. A voice seemed ever whispering to me that it was impossible that the religion in which I had been brought up *could* be true. All the difficulties which I had ever heard infidels urge against Christianity occurred to me with tenfold strength, until my whole imagination was possessed with a fear that nothing existed which was not cognisable by the senses. I shuddered, and was agonised at the thought, and struggled to cast it from me as the most horrible of sins. Still it assailed me again and again, and I was foolish enough to suffer my mind to dwell upon such ideas, though I did not willingly consent to them or embrace them, and never ceased my ordinary devotional exercises.

“At last, one day I was sitting at the very spot where I had passed the morning of the day that my wife died, and was thinking over all that had since befallen me, when the horrible supposition struck me, that if my religion were true, it would have supported me more powerfully and efficaciously in my season of sorrows. Then, I thought, it *is* a delusion. And why not a delusion? How monstrous to suppose that I am really living in the midst of that supernatural world which I have been accustomed to believe in! Is it not incredible, that if all this immense sacramental system, in which I have put my trust, were what it pretends to be, it would not commend itself openly to the judgments of all mankind? What! I thought, am I positively surrounded with invisible agencies, and see no token of their presence? Can I believe that the infinite and eternal One should be literally working miracles upon tens of thou-

sands of altars every day, and that a divine effluence is pouring forth upon every member of this Christian Church, and upon them alone? Surely, it is but a dream. And why not a dream? Has not man been subject to the maddest of frenzies from his earliest times? Why should I and others be exempt? All this, I say, passed through my mind with awful energy and swiftness; and I lay there upon the greensward aghast and trembling. Yet I am confident that not for a moment did I give full consent to the thoughts, or lose my conviction, that, nevertheless, my faith was true. I strove, indeed, to pray, and, with my *will* I did pray; though it was with the utmost difficulty I could realise the fact that I was speaking *to* such a being as God. Long time my mind continued to wander, and be agitated with storms of thought. By and by, mechanically, I plucked a flower that grew by my side, and looked intently at its structure, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I pulled it to pieces, and examined its minute structure, and admired the exquisite beauty of its delicate tints, and thought of the marvellous organisation by which it was brought to the perfect state in which I saw it. Then, with the rapidity of lightning, an overwhelming thought struck me, and pierced me through and through. This flower, I thought, is but one of millions and millions and millions. And I strove to conceive of the multitude of flowers and leaves which I *knew* to exist in this earth alone. Often and often as I had pondered on the countless multitude of individual plants and animals which exist, never before had the fearfulness of that multitudinous quantity so completely seized upon my mind. I looked upwards into the branches of a vast oak, under which I was sitting, and beheld its myriad leaves sparkling in the sun, and waving beneath the breeze. The boundless complication of the organisation which was employed in the structure of that single tree absolutely appalled me. It came like an avenging power, and smote my intellect to the earth. I positively trembled at the contemplation of the wisdom, the skill, and the power which was exerted by the Creator of those gigantic boughs and innumerable leaves. Then it seemed as if a voice said to me, 'What greater miracle than this is there in the faith thou art despising and disbelieving?' In a moment the madness of my pretending to criticise a religion, because its mysteries were unfathomable, struck me with overwhelming force. There, before my eyes, I saw that which baffled all my utmost comprehension. What cannot *He* do, I thought, who made this tree? Then there swept across my brain a recollection of the truth, that

this tree was but one of such multitudes, that mortal mind cannot even conceive their number ; and that the omnipotent agency which I saw at work in the flower in my hand was equally exerted through the minutest details of every individual vegetable in creation ; and yet, that all these wonders were hidden from almost all my fellow-creatures, and, as far as man is concerned, were seemingly useless, and a waste of Divine power and wisdom. The more I reflected, the more insane did it appear that such a being as I, or any other man, should presume to criticise a faith which, in my calmest moments, I knew was supported by unanswerable proofs. I perceived that the frightful thoughts which had been haunting me were but fond and foolish deceits, impressions made upon my imagination, and snares from which, as a rational being, I was bound to flee. Nevertheless, a terrible agitation still possessed me ; and all I could do was to cry aloud, again and again, ‘O God, have mercy on me ; for I am nothing, and Thou art all in all !’

“In this mood I returned to my house, and strove to regain my calmness, and to preserve the impressions I had received. The next day I had an unexpected visit from an old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, and who had been a missionary in China, but had returned in order to recruit his health. In our youth we had been on the most intimate terms, and that very evening I unboresomed to my friend all my sorrows and trials. To my surprise, he thought far less of what I told him than I had anticipated, and told me that my case was but one of a multitude ; and he assured me that the day would come when all the clouds that had so long darkened my soul would disappear. With all the freedom of friendship, he made no attempts to conceal from me his conviction, that the real source of my perplexities lay in an intense pride of intellect, and a subtle attachment to the world, which united to paralyse my religious life, and though they did not actually destroy my faith, and separate my affections from God, yet were of fatal tendency, and kept me ever on the brink of falling away. In most cases, he said that nothing availed to break down the senseless pride of intellect of such persons as myself, except some such trials as those I had undergone, in which the utter powerlessness of the human mind to fathom the mysteries of its own being, or to force itself to act according to what it knows to be reasonable, is, as it were, burnt into the soul. My terrible domestic calamities he also regarded as a merciful chastisement, sent to make me feel the absolute *necessity* of some supernatural strength to support the mind in its agonies ;

so that the combined result of my religious doubts, and of the rending of the affections of my heart, was such a practical conviction of the mingled wretchedness and impotence of man when left to himself, as could be wrought in me by no mere arguments or reflections.

“And when I asked him how long he thought my sufferings would endure, he told me that he could form no conjecture, that God alone knew what was in me, and what was necessary for me ; but that, in the end, if I would but steadfastly *act* aright, according to what I *knew* to be the truth, all would assuredly be well. Therefore he counselled to continue all my religious exercises more diligently than ever, and the more vehemently I was assailed by sceptical doubts, the more vigorously to put my faith to the test of practice, in order that my reason might have fair play, and I might not be duped by the illusions of sense, and the phantoms of that imagination which I could clearly see was not a safe guide to be relied on for a single moment. On this advice I acted. What had passed in my mind had *convinced* me of its wisdom, though as yet I could scarcely *realise* it. However, I did act upon it, and, by degrees,—slowly, indeed, but surely,—all took place as my friend had foretold. From that hour until the present, my faith has strengthened, deepened, and become ever more and more clear ; and though I have endured many a sad hour since the time of which I tell you, and gone through much of which I could not speak, yet never have my feet moved off from the rock ; and my sorrows are now for others’ sake, and my pity for those who know not the peace which I myself enjoy. This, my dear young friend, is *my* experience ; and such would be yours too, if you were to follow in the steps which I have trod. However, we will say no more of the subject just now, for an engagement calls me elsewhere, and I must say farewell.”

Such was M. Malmont’s story. Whether he was an enthusiast, or a man of sense and enlightened piety, I leave you to judge. His words seemed to make but a slight impression upon young Burleigh, who only sighed, and said he wished he was like his kind adviser. As for Valentine and myself, we did not know what to say, and were almost relieved to remember that we had been staying in the house an extravagantly long time ; and, with a few commonplace words of consolation, we left at the same time with Malmont, he turning in one direction, and we in another.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

THE TWO KINGDOMS.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. Seeleys.

The History of St. Cuthbert. By the Very Rev. Monsignor C. Eyre. Burns.

The Apparition at La Salette: L'Ami de la Religion. Paris, 1848.

La Politique de Satan au dix-neuvième Siècle; Rapport confidentiel adressé au Diable sur les Hommes, les Institutions, et les Œuvres du Catholicisme à Paris. Par A. de Saint Cheron. Paris, Sagnier et Bray.

AMONG the many mysterious mercies of Almighty God towards his creatures must be reckoned his concealment of the invisible world from our ordinary sight. It is not the face of his own incomprehensible Majesty alone which would be unendurable by mortal eyes. Such as we now are, we could not bear to have faith at once transmuted into vision. The soul would sink terrified, crushed, and despairing, were the most common facts of her own inward life and circumstances revealed to her with all the distinctness of their unveiled reality. Who could endure, without miraculous support, to behold the saints in glory, the just in purgatory, or the damned in hell? Who could bear the agony of the sight of himself and his sins? And who could go about his daily duties, and fulfil his appointed course, were he suddenly illumined so as to perceive that warfare of angels and devils in the midst of which he is ever, without a moment's cessation, most deeply involved? The whole life of society must be palsied, and the heart stricken with helpless anguish, were that fearful conflict seen as well as known, were it as powerfully manifested to our senses as it is habitually realised by our faith.

Yet ever and anon the fearful stillness is broken, and the voice of a trumpet rings in our ears, and betokens the mortal fierceness of the strife that is going on. Now here, now there, some great law of nature is suspended, and the eye of the believer penetrates for a moment into the world unseen, and marks the hosts of the contending armies engaged in the

fight. To some chosen one, yet not perhaps to such an one as *we* should have chosen, a saint comes down from his celestial home, and bears a message from his Lord to his brethren yet militant among men. Nor are signs altogether wanting, to bespeak the powers which the spirit of evil exercises unseen around us. Some demoniac possession, some inexplicable and antichristian physical phenomena, or some strange portent in heathen lands, gives warning both of the reality and the deadly nature of that struggle which is waged between the hostile hosts of the invisible world.

Still, these things are comparatively infrequent. The daily life of the immense majority of Catholics is purely a life of faith alone; and it is in the various characters and actions of the men amidst whom their lot is cast that they have to seek for signs of the warfare which is ever going on between the friends and the enemies of God. Miracles are, on the whole, rare; that is, they are rare in the Church taken as one vast body; though in certain individual cases they are more frequent, and even become, as it were, the very laws of their combined spiritual and physical life.

Nevertheless, in order to attain a distinct and complete view of the undying hostility which reigns between the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the kingdom of the world, it is necessary to include in our range both the ordinary and the extraordinary operations both of divine grace and of infernal malice. A true history of the Church of Christ from its first day until now, with all its boundless variations in detail, is simply a record of the two different modes in which this strife has been carried on. And such as is the complete chronicle of the fortunes of the Church, such is every fragment of her story, such the sight which meets our view when we glance at her state in our own days, or take up a chance collection of the Catholic and anti-Catholic publications of any one period in her existence. Such is the tale told by the few books just now before us, and which have come together in our hands more by accident than from any other cause. It is the old story still. The Church and the world; Almighty God now holding his hand and suffering his enemies to do their pleasure, now imprinting upon the visible universe some sudden token of the omnipotence of that will without which the "laws of nature" must sink into primeval chaos; the wisdom and organisation of the Church; the miracles of Saints; the apparition of Mary before the eyes of mortals; the frenzy and the folly of man; with an endless variation in the weapons he wields against the Church which he abhors; and all these varying only in their form, yet ever the same. Now it is Herod, now Julian,

now Luther; now it is the old Ephesian unbeliever who hardens himself against the miracles wrought by the handkerchiefs and aprons from an Apostle's body; now it is a Hobart Seymour making merry with the thought of such power residing in images in modern Rome. It is the old story still, and so it will ever remain until the door of hell is closed, and the number of the jewels in the Redeemer's crown is completed, and the Church in glory knows nothing of Satan and his instruments, save that the smoke from their place of torment "ascendeth for ever and ever," while in heaven "again they say, Alleluia."

The first book on our list is, indeed, scarcely to be classed with the more openly antichristian weapons which are forged by the enemies of the Church. Many a person will account us guilty of uncharitableness when we ascribe it to that evil one who is ever employing his servants in his miserable cause. And of course, when we speak of Mr. Seymour, we speak of him only as he appears in his writings and past public acts. Of himself we say nothing, as we know nothing of his private history. It is not *absolutely* beyond the range of possibility that he should be in a state of invincible ignorance; though in all honesty we must admit that a less creditable and honourable publication we have not often seen. It has indeed so little to recommend it, either in the way of ability or candour, that we had no thoughts of noticing it, until we heard that it had made some noise in the Protestant world, and that persons of sense considered that "it ought to be answered." A hasty glance at its pages, also, so clearly betrayed its character, that—to tell the whole truth—we were unwilling to wade through Mr. Seymour's lengthy descriptions unless absolutely compelled. However, to our surprise, we learnt that the book was accounted unanswerable; and some of our own readers, both Catholic and Protestant, wishing to see it reviewed, unwillingly we undertook the task.

But first we took the very natural precaution of ascertaining how far Mr. Seymour's fictions were even *founded* on fact. Having a lively recollection of the author's affair—not of *honour*—with a certain brother Protestant clergyman a few years ago, and, moreover, being tolerably sure that Mr. Seymour knew little or nothing of the Italian language, we wrote to one of the Jesuits with whom he held his conversations, and with whom we happen to be acquainted, and put to him one or two questions respecting Mr. Seymour's interviews. All our suspicions Father Mazio has confirmed. He informs us that the very title of this book was an untruth, for that there had been but *two* Mornings' Discussions be-

tween Jesuits and Mr. Seymour; that though he himself had paid Mr. and Mrs. Seymour a few visits of courtesy, in which religious subjects had been among others talked of, yet that the real disputations were simply two. Mr. Seymour also, he tells us, was totally unable to converse in Italian, especially on subjects of any importance, such as theological controversy; while though he himself, Father Mazio, both writes and speaks English well, yet the Jesuit father with whom Mr. Seymour chiefly disputed does not understand a word of English! The consequence was, that the conversations—which, further, were cut short by the Jesuit's dinner-hour—were affairs of interpretation, in which necessarily the interlocutors had much difficulty in understanding one another, and the more so, as Mr. Seymour (as his book shews) is totally ignorant of the real doctrines taught by the Church of Rome. All this is studiously concealed in the *Mornings*. In order to give more importance to his book—we quote Father Mazio's remarks almost word for word—and to glorify himself by shewing that he has fought with and foiled many of the ablest Jesuits at Rome, he has, by a romantic fiction, multiplied his opponents. Of one Jesuit he has made no less than five. The Jesuit of the first chapter, who is represented as describing at large the Institute of the Society; the Jesuit in the second chapter, who was first introduced to Mr. Seymour; the *priest of considerable attainments, who held a position of great influence in the Church*, and who forms the subject of the fifth chapter; the professor of Canon Law spoken of in the whole seventh chapter; the other Jesuit of whom so much is said in the eighth chapter; are but different representations of one poor Jesuit, *Padre Mazio*! It is false that he after his first introduction to Mr. Seymour introduced *two other* Jesuits to him, *who remained with him for some hours* (p. 39). The only persons whom Father Mazio introduced in subsequent and different times were Mr. Connelly and Dr. Grant the rector of the Scotch College at Rome, who were not Jesuits, besides Father Passaglia, with whom, as has been said, *two* conferences were held. When visiting the Roman College, Mr. Seymour was presented to the librarian, Father Secchi, with whom he spoke very little, and then to Father Marchi, in the Museum, with whom he had a rather long conversation. Father Mazio is not aware that Mr. Seymour had any intercourse with any other Jesuit in Rome.

As to Mr. Seymour's notion that Father Mazio was selected for his opponent, with all the conclusions he would draw from this idea, let us again hear Father Mazio's observations. First of all, he was *not* sent by the General, who, as

far as Father Mazio can judge, *knew nothing whatever of the whole matter*. He went, of course, with his immediate Superior's leave, but at the proposal of a lay-brother of the Gesù, who was acquainted with Inspector Farina, a distinguished officer, in whose house Mr. Seymour lived, and who expressed Mr. Seymour's wish to converse with some Jesuit. Nor was Father Mazio applied to because he was a *most influential* member of the order (he had been a Jesuit only eight years, and had entered the society a layman, and thirty-two years of age), but because it was known that he could speak English. He had translated Lingard's *History of England*, Dr. Wiseman's *Conferences on Science and Religion*, and many other English tracts; and he was in the habit of conversing with Englishmen, Americans, and Germans.

The method in which our author has detailed the conversations is just such as might be anticipated from a person whose notions of truth and falsehood are—to say the very least—so extremely *confused*. Father Mazio thus characterises these ingenious misrepresentations. Not only has Mr. Seymour generally misunderstood, misconstrued, and misstated the sayings of his opponents; not only has he put together things which were hardly touched upon, on different occasions, and given them the air of a regular polemical discussion; not only has he represented things in a curtailed way when it suited his purpose,—but he has introduced subjects of discussion in his narrative which Father Mazio never spoke of; he has attributed to him answers which he knows nothing of; he has arrayed against him objections in a developed form which were either but slightly mentioned on the actual occasion, or never opposed at all. By this way of arranging and disposing of the whole matter, he has found it easy to make it appear that his opponents were sottish, inconsistent, and quite beaten by him. Mr. Seymour, when conversing with Father Mazio, was extremely cautious and reserved. He would not appear, as he avows it himself, a controversial opponent, but only a modest inquirer. Accordingly, if he mentioned an objection, it was without urging it much; and he seemed, as it were, to acquiesce in the answer he received (except in the two regular conferences with Father Passaglia): so that the manner in which he has represented the conversations in his book is totally unlike the real facts.

Such is the confirmation we have received of our suspicions of this writer's veracity and competence. Surely it is more than sufficient to convince any upright and honest Protestant that his work is a worthless calumny. It bears on its face

the proofs of its fictitiousness; and would not be accepted as *true* by any person who really cared for truth, even when the characters of Jesuits are concerned.

That we ourselves were justified in entertaining our suspicions of Mr. Seymour's veracity, a brief recital of the facts of the affair to which we have already alluded will abundantly prove. About three years and a half ago, Mr. Seymour stated at a meeting of the Protestant Association, that some years before that time he had been informed by the Rev. Francis Merewether, the Rector of Cole-Orton in Leicestershire, that forty or fifty clergymen of the Established Church had been secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome, while they retained their position and emoluments as ministers of the Establishment. Mr. Merewether, as Mr. Seymour stated, had given him this information on the authority of a letter of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, of Grace Dieu, a well-known convert to the Church of Rome. This astounding story coming to Mr. Phillipps's ears, he lost no time in calling Mr. Seymour to account for a fabrication, or, in plain words, for a falsehood. Mr. Seymour, however, refused to retract, asserting that Mr. Phillipps was not to be believed, and that unless the actual letter written by him to Mr. Merewether could be produced, he should continue to reiterate his charge. Upon this Mr. Phillipps went to Mr. Merewether, in the hope of finding the letter still existing; a vague hope, of course, as most people burn their letters. The letter, however, was found, and being examined was found not to contain one syllable which by the utmost ingenuity could be tortured to any such story as Mr. Seymour had propagated; and consequently Mr. Seymour, in the usual ungracious manner in which persons of his stamp confess their faults when found out, retracted his accusation. How shameless a man he is, however, may be guessed from the circumstance of his positively insinuating in this book now before us the very same falsehood of which he was convicted by Mr. Phillipps and Mr. Merewether. At p. 181, he says that when he had these professed conversations with the Jesuits, "Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman had not *openly* joined the Church of Rome."*

After this incident in our author's career, coupled with what he shewed of himself in his *Pilgrimage to Rome*, it will scarcely be wondered at that we should have hesitated to believe one word of his statements. Of his first book we have already expressed our opinion (see *Rambler*, vol. iv. p. 144); but there is one passage in it, in which he speaks of our

* The whole correspondence on the subject we have detailed will be found in the *Guardian*, the *Tablet*, and other newspapers of the time.

friend Father Mazio himself, to which we cannot refrain from referring, especially as Father Mazio has favoured us with his own remarks upon Mr. Seymour, and which we shall give to our readers as nearly as may be in his very words. The subject is connected with the old foolish and unscholarly mis-translation of the Jesuit vow, by which a promise to obey *except* in cases of sin, is made to mean a promise to obey *even* in cases of sin. Here, however, are Father Mazio's reflections on Mr. Seymour's attack :

"In this chapter (in the *Pilgrimage*) Mr. Seymour has represented, or misrepresented, a rather long conversation which I had with him on the Society of Jesus, in the presence of Mrs. Seymour and a friend. It was not enthusiasm for my order which prompted me to speak at large on this subject, but a real wish I had to inculcate upon them the great value of two virtues, so little known to Protestant minds, that is, *humility* and *obedience*; and to make them understand how in the Catholic religion the love of Christ and the desire of imitating Him may induce so many men to sacrifice all for his sake, and embrace a life of self-denial. I spoke really with warmth, because I did aim at being impressive. I declared at first, how humility and obedience had been recommended by our Lord both by his example and doctrines. I shewed how our Society was founded on both these virtues; how we are trained to them by our Constitutions, and how the Exercises of St. Ignatius chiefly conduce to that end. I insisted on the fact, that our obedience was not paid to man and for man, but to Christ Himself, and for Christ's sake: that we aimed at a full indifference about places, employments, and conveniences, in order to attain, through holy obedience, to our end, which is the salvation and sanctification of ourselves and our neighbours.

"They were most silent and attentive to my speech, nor did I hear, as far as I remember, a word of disgust and disapproval on their side. Now let us come to Mr. Seymour's narrative. He states that he could very easily, in my excitement and enthusiasm for the order, bring me by successive inquiries to the plain declaration that, according to our rules, we feel obliged to obey our superiors, even then when the order might be against our *religious convictions*, our *moral feelings*, and *conscientious scruples*: in a word, when there would be a real *SIN*. This is, I must say, a plain falsehood. I don't remember that he addressed to me any query of such a kind: but if he had, how could I have replied in the way he pretends, since in our Constitutions we are more than once expressly taught and directed, that we ought to obey *in all things* wherein no

SIN is to be found? "*in omnibus ubi peccatum non cerneretur.*" (*Summarium Constitutionum*, No. 31.) This very same charge against our Society had been made some thirteen years ago,* brought forth by Ranke in his *History of the Popedom*; and a refutation of it, through the original passages of our Constitutions, was inserted in the Roman periodical, *Gli Annali delle Scienze Religiose*, of which I was a *collaborateur*. How, then, could I have so lost my wits as to express such an opinion as Mr. Seymour attributes to me?

"Again, he says that, according to my confessions, a Jesuit must be prepared, and may expect, to be sent by his superior as a *messenger*, or a *servant*, or a *footman*, to act as a *spy* in some important family, or as a *private secretary* or *minister* of a prince in Germany (pp. 216, 217). When speaking of our indifference to all offices, I alluded of course to such offices as are within the range of our institute, and connected with our religious vocation. But the offices mentioned by Mr. Seymour were never heard of in the Society, and are mere fancies of his own brains.

"Further, I may have said that when we are ordered to do something, or employed in any office by holy obedience, after having done our best to fulfil it well, we are not accountable to God for the success. But Mr. Seymour has so misconstrued my meaning, as to state, 'that in all the sayings and actions of the members, they are saying and acting in obedience to authority; and that in almost every thing in which individual Jesuits are the objects of praise or censure, they deserve neither the one nor the other, the praise and the censure belonging properly to the General and council of the order, and not to the individual Jesuit'—as though the Jesuits were quite stripped of every personal merit or demerit, and their personal actions and exertions were of no account. A pure nonsense! I really spoke of the manner in which every one in our Society is as far as possible directed to cultivate and foster those natural abilities, energies, and dispositions, which are discovered in each; a proof, truly, that the Society proceeds towards her subjects with wisdom and motherly care, not with a despotic sway. But Mr. Seymour comments on it, by mentioning that even *political intrigue* is fostered by the General in those who shew a taste and aptitude for it. He should be aware that by our Constitutions we are most strictly *forbidden to meddle with politics* at all. Upon the whole, he describes us (and

* Those who have lived much in England know that this charge has been so repeatedly brought forward here, that Catholics are tired of refuting it. See the whole matter stated in the *Rambler*, vol. iv. pp. 259, 260. See also vol. iii. pp. 41 *et seq.*

always appealing to my statements) as the mere tools of the General and his council for any even dark design and crime. I would have referred him to the very excellent pamphlet of F. Ravignan, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuits*, chiefly in chapters 4 and 5, on obedience, and on the government of the Society. Mr. Seymour, who speaks of the Society as a great conspiracy to bring the nations under the ecclesiastical empire of papal Rome, must learn to understand that the Society has only one great object, that of saving souls, of winning souls to Christ, and consequently to the true Church of Christ, but by those means only which Christ has recommended, and the Apostles and apostolic men have employed. There is no dark design, no mischievous engine in her. The book of the *Exercises*, which is really her most powerful weapon, has been translated and circulated in England; it has been tried by the Anglicans themselves; so all is in the full light of day. But the ignorance of Mr. Seymour about the order of which he speaks so confidently is capital."

Father Mazio then mentions Mr. Seymour's extraordinary perversion of the Catholic doctrine of *intention*, and then continues:

"I have two remarks more. Mr. Seymour declares that the Jesuits he has dealt with *have commanded his respect*, and by *their personal character won his regard*; that the Jesuits enjoy *the repute of the strictest morality* at Rome, and *no whisper* is ever heard against them on this account. How could he, then, make up his mind to such a judgment of them as he has brought forth, that they are unscrupulous, and apt to be made tools for any crime? Moreover, he professes that the Roman Jesuits have been very courteous, kind, and obliging to him, that he is under many obligations towards them, and calls me his friend, and a sincere friend too. Now, is it creditable to him, is it fair, is it honest to have made such a use, or rather an abuse, of their friendly and unsuspecting conversations (though they have indeed said nothing to blush for, or to reproach themselves with), to publish them in print, with such comments and additions as should make them obnoxious to public opinion, and cast blame (what Mr. Seymour really aims at) on the Roman Catholic Church, to which they are heartily devoted? What would a Protestant say, if a Catholic had so dealt with him? But let's have an end of it."

Such are the remarks of Father Mazio upon his assailant; and we feel assured that, for once in their lives, our non-Catholic readers will be of the same opinion with a Jesuit. A Catholic, indeed, needs none of these particulars to convince him that Mr. Seymour has been at his old game, and

been playing with the credulity of his honest Protestant fellow-countrymen. In the first place, if the Jesuits talked to him as they are here represented, of all the pious fools that ever lived, they are pre-eminent for their folly. Are Englishmen prepared to believe that some of the most distinguished members of the vast Jesuit Society, that Society whose name is synonymous in their ears with craft, and skill, and learning, and diabolical cunning, were actually beaten out of the field, and brought to talk the most insufferable nonsense, by the Reverend Hobart Seymour? Truly the giants have become dwarfs, and the word "Jesuit" must henceforth be appropriated to the silliest and most ignorant of mankind. Excellent, good, harmless simpletons; believing, like babies, every thing that is taught them, and waiting only for the advent of some country parson from England, to be held up to ridicule;—surely the Society of Jesus has been shorn of its terrors, and the penal laws against them may at length be repealed.

Will Catholics believe us when we tell them that Mr. Seymour says that the Jesuits "never see the Holy Scriptures?" They will hardly realise the puzzleheadedness of a man who can make such a statement. If the Jesuits never see the Bible, may we ask *who* it is that keeps it from them? Mr. Seymour must rejoice that, at any rate, there have been so many of them driven to take refuge in England and America, where they may at last meet with a Bible, and learn what the Gospel is.

Again, he makes his Jesuit opponent confounded at being told, for the first time in his life, that the Mass is called an *unbloody* sacrifice, which he conceives is a manifest contradiction to the doctrine of transubstantiation, which teaches that the *blood* of our blessed Lord is actually offered. On this mare's nest of our author's we cannot forbear quoting Father Mazio's remarks. "I will only say a few words," he says, "on that terrible *dilemma* on the sacrifice of the Mass, which, according to his affirmation, puzzled me so much, that I declared I would consult some professor of theology on it, though I never afterwards gave a solution; nay, no divine, however eminent, could even attempt to give an explanation of it. It is at p. 218. How is the Mass called an *unbloody* sacrifice, if the wine is transubstantiated into *blood*? It is on one side all *blood*, and on the other all *unbloody*! . . . When I read first this objection (because I never *heard* it from him), I laughed very heartily; and surely every sensible Catholic must do so. I would ask Mr. Seymour what he means by *bloody*? Is it the presence of blood, or the effusion of it,

which makes a thing *bloody*? If the former, then a scholastic debate would be a *bloody* conflict, because the contenders have living blood in their veins, and very hot too. If the latter, then how could he propose an objection such as the above-mentioned? In the sacrifice of the Cross there was a real effusion of all the blood from Christ's body, so that his blood was separated from it, and He died. But no such real effusion of the blood is there, or can there be, in the sacrifice of the Mass. It is, indeed, the Catholic doctrine and belief, that by the words of the consecration the substance of the wine is changed into Christ's blood; but this is *by way of concomitance* with the body, soul, and divinity of Christ; because Christ cannot suffer any more—*non confractus, non concisus*: He is in a glorified state, and his blood cannot exist without the whole humanity and divinity. The effusion, then, and immolation, is but a *mystical* one; that is, the words of the double consecration have, by Divine institution, such an efficacy as to make *directly* and distinctly (though not separately) present, by the transubstantiation of the bread and the wine, the body of Christ in one case, the blood of Christ in the other, though by concomitance *the whole Christ* is present in both. By this distinction of consecration and double *direct* presence, Christ is represented dying as a victim; and so, as the Council of Trent expresses it, the victim offered is the same with that on the cross, viz. Christ really, truly, and substantially present; though the manner of offering it is different, the one being bloody, the other unbloody."

Again, Mr. Seymour tells us that his opponent told him that he believed that not only the Blessed Virgin, but Jeremias the prophet and John Baptist, were conceived without original sin! Again, Mr. Seymour informs his readers, that it is a Catholic doctrine that *every one* who takes a part in a novena, or any other devotion, to which a plenary indulgence is attached, will be exempted from purgatory, and pass to immediate glory. Why did he not ask his Jesuit acquaintance how many *they* thought, or how many Catholics generally thought, would thus reap the full benefit of a plenary indulgence? Perhaps he did; and, as in other points, concealed their reply. We can tell Mr. Seymour, however, what that reply would be, whether made by a Jesuit, or by any priest in the world. It would have been to this effect: that those who really obtain this great blessing are so few, that at times they *may* even be *none*; that the Church teaches us that so perfect is the purity and so ardent the love that are necessary for the immediate passage of the soul to Paradise, that it is extremely difficult of attainment.

One of the most novel portions of Mr. Seymour's book is his account of the way in which he makes it appear that the Jesuits admitted that the Catholic Church does not claim infallibility. As it happens, Father Mazio, before he had read Mr. Seymour's account of the conversation, had mentioned to us Mr. Seymour's *conduct* on the morning when this subject was discussed, as strikingly shewing the dishonesty and capitiousness of his mind. Comparing his account with Mr. Seymour's, we find that the latter has studiously concealed the greater portion of the reply which was made to his charge against the Church of Rome. Mr. Seymour positively declares that his opponent was unable to shew him that the Church *does* claim infallibility, and therefore is not the true Church of Christ. He insisted upon having shewn him the particular words of some document *absolutely binding upon all Catholics*, in which it is dogmatically stated that the Catholic Church is infallible.

Now, those who are really acquainted with the facts of Catholic history and discipline are aware that the only documents to which all Catholics are *absolutely bound* are the decrees of Councils, and the subsequent dogmatic bulls. And it is quite true that in these documents there is no precise dogmatic statement on the subject of the infallibility of the Church. And therefore, when Mr. Seymour, starting aside from the real questions under discussion, insisted on receiving nothing less than such a decree as a proof that the Church really held the doctrine, the Jesuit Fathers of course told him there was none such. The Father, however, who was, through the interpretation of his companion, arguing with Mr. Seymour, immediately pointed out to him that the Church herself never professes to hold and teach *only* what is stated in her documents of absolute authority. He told him—we again quote Father Mazio—"that the Church expresses her claim to infallibility by all her dogmatic facts and documents in which this principle and tenet is either implied, supposed, embodied, alluded to, insisted upon, or more or less expressed. She has expressed such a claim by the implicit belief which she has always exacted in all her doctrines and dogmatic decrees, under penalty of falling off from faith, and of damnation; *just in the same manner as the Apostles proceeded*, who were avowedly endowed with the gift of infallibility. She has expressed it by her method of condemning and anathematising all who raised the least doubt on any of her doctrines, never allowing what has been once defined by her to be called in question again. She has expressed it in all those documents in which she has declared, through her general Councils and

Popes, that she is protected by Christ and guided by the Holy Ghost, always appealing to the Divine promises, that the gates of hell shall not prevail either against her or her doctrine. She has expressed it by the voice of so many of her fathers, who have borne testimony expressly, or in equivalent terms, to her unerring authority, conferred upon her in matters of faith and morals, though no formal dogmatic definition exists, *because this is not necessary to constitute any thing an article of faith.* 'That, and that only' (says Veron, in *The Rule of Catholic Faith*, c. i. § 1), is an article of Catholic faith which has been revealed in the word of God, and proposed by the Catholic Church to all her children, as necessary to be believed with divine faith. Whether a doctrine be *proposed* by a general Council, and confirmed by its definitive decree, or *rest on the universal agreement of the faithful*, its authority is the same. The above rule comprises two parts: the first requiring that a doctrine, to be received as an article of faith, be revealed by Almighty God; the second, that it be taught by the Church, *either* in her general Councils by an express and definitive decree, or *practically confirmed by the unanimous assent of the pastors of the Church and the faithful.* The second condition, however, presupposes the first' (so continues at § 2); 'for as Christ promised his Church the assistance of his Holy Spirit to teach her and lead her into all truth, it is impossible—unless, as they cannot, these promises fail—that this heavenly-guided Church can ever propose any thing as revealed which really has not been so.' When, therefore, we are asked, how does the Roman Church *express her claim* to infallibility, since there is no definitive decree of hers on the point, we answer, she does it just in the same way, by the same channels, as the Church of God, the Catholic Church, has ever done in every age."

Now all this Mr. Seymour, in his professed account of the conversation, slurs over or entirely omits. He would have us believe that the Jesuits were actually silenced by him; that the idea he urged was a novelty to them; that it was the first time in their lives they had ever reflected on the fact that the Church has never formally decreed her own infallibility; in short, that if they would but have followed out the difficulty he so acutely brought forward, they would at this moment have been Protestants of the stamp of Mr. Hobart Seymour himself! In fact, he has discovered a mare's nest, and none but those who are agape for every wonderment and absurdity which can be concocted against the Jesuits, will discern any thing in the affair except a proof of Mr. Seymour's want of candour in argument and of honesty in narration. Those who would know how

strongly and repeatedly the Catholic Church has implied and asserted her claim to infallibility—though she has not issued any formal decree—need but read the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent, or the Catechism of the same Council. The Catechism, indeed, does positively assert that the Church is infallible; and considering how great is its authority, its declaration comes as nearly as possible to a distinct dogmatic decree, absolutely binding on all the faithful. “Etenim Spiritus Sanctus,” says the Tridentine Catechism, “qui Ecclesiæ præsidet, eam non per aliud genus ministrorum quam per apostolicum gubernat. Qui Spiritus primum quidem apostolis tributus est, deinde vero summa Dei benignitate semper in Ecclesia mansit. Sed quemadmodum hæc una Ecclesia errare non potest in fidei ac morum disciplina tradenda, cum a Spiritu Sancto gubernetur, ita cæteras omnes, quæ sibi Ecclesiæ nomen arrogat, ut quæ diaboli spiritu ducantur, in doctrinæ et morum perniciosissimis erroribus versari necesse est.” (De Symb. Fid. art. ix. c. 19.) These words also, it will be observed, not only assert that the Church is infallible, but declare from what source her enemies, such as Mr. Seymour, draw their inspiration.

In one of his chapters Mr. Seymour has endeavoured to shew that, by Father Mazio’s admission, Catholics are the most unfortunate people in the world, in having no satisfactory means of ascertaining *even what their own Church teaches!* He passes before our eyes a phantasmagoria, in which bulls, decrees, Popes, Bishops, canon law, and we know not what besides, are mingled together in bewildering confusion, till our eyes and thoughts are dazzled, and we feel something like the astonishment of a clown, who should have it *proved* to him by the irrefragable logic of a philosopher, that he himself did not exist at all. If any of our readers have had perseverance to read through Mr. Seymour’s mystification, they will perhaps be glad to be refreshed by Father Mazio’s commentary. What Mr. Seymour says (he remarks) about the reception of papal bulls, in which all countries do not agree together, is only true in regard to matters of discipline. There is no *dogmatic bull* of the Popes which is not received and accepted by the universal Church. We may say the same of the Council of Trent, whose decrees in matters of discipline are not *de facto* received in England and in some other countries, but whose canons in matters of faith are a necessary standard of doctrine and belief for all Catholics in every country.

Conflicting bulls and opposite decisions of the Popes may be found in matters of discipline, not of faith. Discipline is frequently changing in a great many points, according to the

variations of times and places; but faith must be, and has always been, one and the same in the Catholic Church.

The twenty, and more, volumes in folio of the *Bullarium* contain for far the most part laws on ecclesiastical discipline. The dogmatic bulls of the Popes are very few in number. There is no need for Catholic believers to apply either to the *Bullarium*, or to the Collection of Councils, to ascertain what they are to believe. What is universally taught in the Catechism of the Church is sufficient for general believers, provided they believe all the remaining truths *implicitly*, submitting to every thing defined, or to be defined, by the authority of the Church.

The testimony and the fact of each Bishop's receiving a papal bull as a dogmatic bull *ex cathedra*, is the clearest and firmest evidence to people at large that the bull is so. This consent of the episcopacy, of the teaching body with their head, can be very easily ascertained. The bull *Unigenitus*, and the bull *Auctorem Fidei*, are instances of it. Surely the party which is condemned will oppose, will contrive every way of eluding the dogmatic decree passed against them, as the Jansenists did; but the voice of Catholic episcopacy will ever come forth to pay homage and support to the papal decision. We may take, as a new instance, the dogmatic subject of the Immaculate Conception. Would it be a matter of doubt to any one, that the Catholic episcopate has been applied to by the Pope for advice; that solemn prayers have been offered every where; that the Bishops have expressed to the Pope their opinion on the subject? And if a decree on this subject, at its coming out, were announced and received in every country by all Catholic Bishops, or even by the far greatest part of them, could any Catholic entertain a doubt as to its being *ex cathedra*? Mr. Seymour takes delight in heaping up difficulties and perplexities when there are none, or they are very easy to overcome; and cares not for all the invincible difficulties and perplexities which beset the rule of faith which Protestants follow. Moreover, he did not express his Protestant sentiments so strongly and so fully in his conversations, but, by his reserve, or deceit, prevented Father Mazio from giving him those further explanations and answers which he would have given if he had expressed himself as he has in his book.

We can, however, linger no more over our author and his work, except so long as to refer briefly to one passage, in which, in a strangely distorted way, he repeats a Catholic doctrine which, we believe, even when it is not misrepresented, is a source of great amazement to the more candid classes of Protestants. At pp. 110, 111, he speaks thus of a

Catholic priest, who, by the way, by the sleight of hand which is the secret of all Mr. Seymour's feats, he leads the reader to suppose to have been a Jesuit. "He repeated," says Mr. Seymour, "what he had said before on this point, expressive of the greater leniency, the gentler compassion, and the closer sympathies of Mary; adding that he was borne out in such an opinion by that of the Fathers, of whom many were of opinion that even Christ himself was not so willing to hear our prayers, and did not hear them so quickly, when offered simply to Himself, as when they were offered through the Blessed Virgin." This abominable calumny our author makes still more spicy by the heading of his chapter, in which we read, "Prayer through Mary heard sooner than through Christ."

Now, whatever this good priest *did* say to Mr. Seymour, we are quite willing to believe that Mr. Seymour did not in the least *understand* him; and therefore we acquit him of any invention of a pure unmingled falsehood. The doctrine of intercession is practically as strange to our author as invocation of saints itself. Therefore, when he contrasts antithetically prayer *through Mary* with prayer *through Christ*, he doubtless believes that these two phrases, if ever thus used by Catholics, are really used *in the same sense*. If he were in the daily habit of asking and rejoicing in the prayers of living fellow-Christians, and of the saints in glory, as Catholics are, he would have known that the Catholic Church accounts it a *damnable heresy* to pray "through Mary," or any other saint, in the same sense as we pray "through Christ." And there does not exist a Catholic priest in the world who would not say the same to Mr. Seymour, if he were to put the question to him.

What, then, was the doctrine which this nameless priest doubtless did express, and what is the Catholic belief on this subject? We have very little more space to spare for Mr. Seymour; but a few words will shew, that if we once admit the true divinity of our blessed Lord, and the efficacy of intercession, with invocation, at all, this doctrine, which so startles the candid Protestant, is undeniably true. For if, in the first place, the intercessory prayer of a Christian, whether he be on earth or in glory, be of any real power in drawing down the grace of God upon us, surely we are *more* likely to be heard, and attain *greater* blessings, when this intercession is added to our own prayers, than when we simply pray for ourselves. If words have any meaning, and intercessory prayer is not altogether a delusion and a pious fraud, this *must* be the case. And what is true of the virtue of intercession in the case of ordinary saints, is of course especially true in the case of the Mother of Jesus Christ himself.

Again, in one sense the blessed Virgin Mary *is* more sure to hear our prayers than our blessed Lord. To suppose that her tenderness, her love, her compassion, are equal to his, or that they can even be compared with his, is most awful blasphemy. She is but a creature, though the first of creatures; while He is the Almighty God, eternal and infinite. His love and compassion for sinners are therefore as boundless as all his other attributes. No created thought can comprehend them in their immeasurable glory and extent; even to Mary herself they are, in their unfathomable greatness, utterly incomprehensible, and the object of her eternal adoration and love. But, at the same time, let it not be forgotten that Jesus is God in all things, as well as in love for the sinner. In becoming the sinner's Saviour, He does not cease to be his God, or absolutely merge his infinite justice and holiness in that unmixed benevolence which is the one idea that infidels entertain of the Creator of the universe. Though He does not shew to men and angels the *full* terrors of his justice and holiness, as judge of all, until the last dreadful day, still not for an instant does He cease to exercise judgment upon the children of both Church and world.

To the saints in heaven, and to his own beloved Mother, He has not, however, committed the charge of rendering justice to those who are still upon earth, in the same way in which He exercises it Himself, just as He has not given it to us to exercise over one another while we yet live here below. "Revenge is *for me*; I will repay; saith the Lord." It is the privilege of Mary to share the loving-kindness of her Son towards sinners, and not to execute his wrath upon them. And therefore she is *all* mercy, while He is both mercy and justice. Her mercy, indeed, is but the mercy of a creature, while his is that of the omnipotent God; her love is that of an intercessor, his is the love of a Redeemer; but nevertheless, the only office she is commissioned to fulfil towards us is one of pity. And thus, in one sense, a sinner's prayers are more sure of being heard by her than by her Son. She is not called to judge him; she simply knows that he is in misery, and that he asks her to pray for him; and this is enough. Her whole soul overflows with love. "My son," she says, "I am not thy judge, as I am not thy Saviour. Whosoever thou art, and whatsoever thy guilt, it is for me to pray for thee to Him who owns me for his mother."

And, in truth, how does this differ from our conduct one to another here upon earth? What have *we* to do to judge the sinner who calls upon us to intercede for him with our God? It is not for us to institute an inquiry into his past

life, and because of the enormity of his conduct refuse him our prayers. What if Mr. Seymour himself were one day to come to some Catholic, repenting of his enmity against the Church, and say, "My eyes are opened: I see what awful sin I have been guilty of: I have spoken falsehoods against my brother; I have mocked at the Church of Christ; I have maligned his ministers; I have insulted his Mother; I have derided his own adorable presence; pray for me, for my guilt is great, and though I cry to God for mercy, I may perhaps be still deceiving myself, or have sinned beyond hope of forgiveness." Should such be his entreaty — and we know that to God nothing is impossible — would it be for one of us to reply, "No, it cannot be; you have clearly sinned against the Holy Ghost; you have shut your eyes wilfully against the light; the hour of mercy is past, and the moment of judgment come: I cannot forget your blasphemies, your irreverences, your dishonest dealings with both God and man; and I will not pray for you." Who does not see that such a rejection of the poor penitent's prayer would be shocking in any living Catholic? Such as our pity and compassion are, we must be *all* pity and compassion to him. God alone must be his judge, though that God is also the only Saviour of sinners.

But we can dwell no more upon this writer's errors and calumnies. They pervade nearly every page he has written, and we trust that no one will imagine that the points we have selected for remark are the *only* untruths or misrepresentations which we can deny or refute. We give them but as a specimen of the rest, and as a warning to every candid man that he beware how he estimates Catholicism or the Jesuits by any thing that he reads in the book before us. Let those who are in earnest about the truth, and who would know what is the real nature of that incessant conflict which is waged between the powers of light and darkness, turn awhile to those other records of its history which we have here classed together. Let them take up this new Life of St. Cuthbert, the great saint of northern England and southern Scotland, and observe how precisely similar this struggle has ever been to what it is now. In the days of St. Cuthbert, all was tumult, violence, and semi-barbarism in this island, so far as civil society was concerned. The storms of worldly passion troubled also the Church within her own boundaries, to an extent now unknown. In those times, all who called themselves Christians were Catholics; and however odious were a man's real feelings, he counted himself a son of the Church, and sought to exercise all his privileges as such. Many an ecclesiastic too was found, who threw himself eagerly into the race for wealth,

power, and station; so that scenes of turbulence and dissension not unfrequently dishonoured the church of God, and even blood was shed in the very sanctuary itself. The warfare between the two kingdoms was not carried on with our modern weapons,—pamphlets, books, reviews, sermons, and platform-speeches. One can scarcely imagine a state of things more dissimilar from our own than that of the seventh and immediately following centuries. Still, in its essential nature the conflict was the same; and few more interesting illustrations of its features can be found than the chronicle of St. Cuthbert's life, and of the wanderings of his body, of its translation, and subsequent concealment from the knowledge of the world. All that is known upon the subject is here collected by Mgr. Eyre, who has spent many years, and has been aided by the labours of many others who share his devotion to the saint, in gathering together the materials for his work. The result is a very valuable contribution to the hagiology of this country.

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is that which relates the history of St. Cuthbert's body after its deposition in Durham Cathedral, including the attempt made in 1827, by the Protestant possessors of that venerable pile, to ascertain whether or no the holy relics were still reposing in their ancient tomb. Tradition had long declared that the body had been removed from its grave after the Reformation, to guard it from sacrilege, and that the secret of its present resting-place is known only to some few of the English Benedictines, who hand it on from generation to generation; and Mgr. Eyre has here stated the proofs which shew that the skeleton found by the Protestant clergy and antiquarians was not the bones of the saint. Certain it is, also, that when the grave was opened in 1537, by order of Henry VIII., the body and vestments were found *wholly untouched by corruption*, after 840 years' abode in the tomb. Such was the will of God, who thus testified to the sanctity of his servant, and extorted from his enemies a confession of his mysterious power.

“Before the Crown,” says our author, “took possession of the church and monastery of Durham, the royal commissioners, who went through the length and breadth of the land to destroy the monuments of Catholicity, had defaced the shrine of St. Cuthbert. The exact date of their visit is not given; but a marginal note in the manuscript of Harpsfield assigns the date A.D. 1537. The commissioners sent to Durham were Dr. Lee, Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blythman. Their evidence clearly proves that the body of St. Cuthbert was yet incorrupt in the year 1537.

“ ‘ The sacred shrine of holy St. Cuthbert, before mentioned, was defaced in the visitation that Dr. Ley (Lee, H. 45), Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blythman, held at Durham, for the subverting of such monuments, in the time of King Henry VIII., in his suppression of the abbeys, where they found many worthy and goodly jewels; but especially one precious stone (belonging to the said shrine, H. 45), which, by the estimate of those three visitors and other skilful lapidaries, was of value sufficient to redeem a prince.

“ ‘ After the spoil of his ornaments and jewels, coming nearer to his sacred body, thinking to have found nothing but dust and bones, and finding the chest that he did lie in very strongly bound with iron, then the goldsmith did take a great fore-hammer of a smith, and did break the said chest; and when they had opened the chest, they found him lying *whole, uncorrupt*, with his face bare, and his beard as if it had been a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments upon him, as he was accustomed to say Mass, and his met-wand of gold lying beside him. Then when the goldsmith did perceive that he had broken one of his legs, when he did break open the chest, he was very sorry for it, and did cry, ‘ Alas, I have broken one of his legs!’ Then Dr. Henley, hearing him say so, did call upon him, and bid him cast down his bones. Then he made him answer again, that he could not get it (them, H. 45) asunder, for the sinews and skin held it that it would not come asunder. Then Dr. Ley did step up, to see if it were so or not, and did turn himself about, and *did speak Latin to Dr. Henley, that he was lying whole*. Yet Dr. Henley would give no credit to his words, but still did cry, ‘ Cast down his bones.’ Then Dr. Ley made answer, ‘ If you will not believe me, come up yourself and see him.’ Then did Dr. Henley step up to him and did handle him, and *did see that he laid whole (was whole and uncorrupt, H. 45)*. Then he did command them to take him down: and so it happened, contrary to their expectation, that *not only his body was whole and incorrupted, but the vestments wherein his body lay, and in which he was accustomed to say Mass, were fresh, safe, and not consumed*. Whereupon the visitors commanded that he should be carried into the vestry, where he was close and safely kept in the inner part of the vestry till such time as they did further know the king's pleasure what to do with him; and upon notice of the king's pleasure therein (and after, H. 45), the prior and the monks buried him in the ground, under the same place where his shrine was exalted (under a fair marble stone, which remains to this day, where his shrine was exalted, H. 45).’

“ There is still further evidence of the same kind in a ms. at Durham, entitled, ‘The Origin and Succession of the Bishops of Durham.’ ‘It is to be remembered that in the time of King Henry VIII. the sepulchre of St. Cuthbert, by certain commissioners of the said king, was opened, and the holy corpse of St. Cuthbert, with all things about the same, *was found whole, sound, sweet, odoriferous, and flexible.* The same was taken up, carried into the revestry, viewed, touched, and searched by sundry persons, both of clergy and others, and afterwards laid in a new coffin of wood, of which premises many eye-witnesses were of very late, and some are yet, living.’

“ If further evidence were wanting, it is furnished in the testimony of Archdeacon Harpsfield. ‘When, at the order of King Henry VIII. (A.D. 1537, in margin), the shrines of the Saints were plundered and broken to pieces in every part of England, and their holy relics were cast into vile places, the wooden chest, which was covered with white marble, was also broken. And when he whose task it was to destroy and break the tomb had broken the coffin with a heavy blow, the stroke fell upon the body of the Saint itself, and wounded the leg, and of the wound the flesh soon gave a manifest sign. As soon as this was seen, as also that the whole body was entire, except that the tip of the nose, I know not why, was wanting, the circumstance was laid before Cuthbert Tunstall, at that time Bishop of Durham. He was consulted as to what he might order to be done with the body; and, at his order, a grave was dug, and his body was replaced in that spot where his precious shrine had been before. Not only the body, but also the vestments in which he was robed, were perfectly entire, and free and clear of all stain and decay. He had on his finger a gold ring, ornamented with a sapphire, which I once saw and touched, and which, as a holy relic more precious than any treasure, I earnestly laid hold of and kissed. When this holy body was brought out and exposed, there were present, amongst others, Dr. Whithead, the head of the monastery, Dr. Sparke, Dr. Tod, and William Wilam, the keeper of the holy shrine. And thus it is abundantly evident that the body of St. Cuthbert remained inviolate and incorrupt for 840 years.’”

But the miracles wrought through Cuthbert, during his life-time and after his decease—and, for aught we know, the preservation of his body is *still* perfect—were but a few out of the multitudes with which God never ceases to console his friends and terrify his enemies. To this hour the same mysterious tokens of the Divine presence amongst us can be read

by all who have eyes to see. And perhaps few such manifestations are more wonderful than that apparition of the Blessed Virgin which has recently aroused so intense an interest throughout Catholic France. The "Apparition of La Salette," as it is termed, is unquestionably one of the most *singular* (so to term it) among the proofs of the reality of the invisible contest going on around us which modern times have witnessed. So strong were the suspicions of imposture with which it was at first heard of, and so vast is the number of the intelligent and curious who have personally investigated its details, that the facts related in the letter we are about to quote cannot but be most interesting to every devout mind. No account so complete has, we believe, hitherto been presented to the English reader. It originally appeared in an excellent French Catholic periodical, the *Ami de la Religion*. The writer, as will be seen, visited La Salette with strong suspicions, and instituted the closest inquiry into the characters of the two children to whom it was said that the Blessed Virgin had appeared. France was already filled with the report that she had one day shewn herself to an ignorant peasant boy and girl, had desired them to declare from her that the severest Divine chastisements would fall upon the country, unless a revival of devotion should avert the hand uplifted to punish; and that, further, she had communicated to each of the children separately a secret which she forbade them to mention either to each other or to any one else. At first sight the report seemed worth not a moment's attention; but by degrees the extraordinary tokens of a mysterious influence unceasingly exerted upon the two children began to shake the doubts of the incredulous, and (as in the case of the writer of the following letter) convinced the most cautious inquirers that the story must be true, because no power less than divine could so sway and enlighten the minds of such creatures as this poor boy and girl. We translate the letter at full length:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You encouraged me to visit the mountain of La Salette, and I have descended therefrom this very hour. I trust, therefore, you will not object to my giving you an account, in all simplicity, of the various observations I there made and the impressions I thence received: 'tis only just I should share them with you.

I undertook this pilgrimage, I must confess, with no favourable anticipations. I wish by no means to detract from the merit of the different narratives that have been published on this subject, and which I had carefully read; but their tone, their enthusiasm, their vivacity, had rather inspired me with prejudices against what their writers suggest.

I have passed nearly three days, partly at Corps, partly at La Sa-

lette; and my personal impressions were, I must again repeat, without any charm, almost without any emotion, and I am now on my way back.

I have returned as I went, without emotion—I would almost say without interest; at least that interest which springs from enthusiasm. And yet the greater the distance intervening between me and the spot in question, and the more I reflect on all I have seen and heard, a conviction possesses my mind which it resists but cannot withstand. Spite of myself I find these words continually on my lips: ‘*It is next to impossible that the finger of God should not be there.*’

Three special circumstances appear to me to be signs of truth: 1st, the consistent character of the children; 2d, the numerous answers, absolutely above their age and bearing, which they have spontaneously rendered in the different interrogatories to which they have been subjected; 3d, the fidelity with which they keep the secret they assert has been confided to them.

1st, the consistent character of the children.

I have seen them both. The first examination I made was very disagreeable to my mind. The little boy was specially displeasing to me. I have seen many children in my life, but few or none who have so painfully impressed me. His manners, his gestures, his look, his whole exterior, are, in my eyes at least, repulsive. What perhaps added to the disagreeable impression I received, is his singular resemblance to one of the most offensive children I ever had to do with.

In thus detailing the (in my opinion) unprepossessing exterior of the little boy, I am not presuming to attack the more favourable accounts which others have given. I simply confine myself to stating what I am sure I myself felt. It must be confessed that, if my testimony ends by being favourable to the children, it will not at least be a suspicious one; they have neither infatuated nor seduced me. The coarseness of Maximin is something more than common; his restlessness, above all, is really extraordinary. His is a singular nature, odd, versatile, unstable; but of an instability so coarse, a versatility sometimes so violent, an oddity so insupportable, that the first day I saw him I was not only saddened but discouraged. ‘For what use,’ said I to myself, ‘have I journeyed hither—only to see such a child as this? What a simpleton I have made of myself!’ I had all the difficulty in the world to prevent the gravest suspicions from taking possession of my mind.

As for the little girl, she also seemed to me very disagreeable after her kind. *That*, I ought, however, to say, is decidedly better than the boy’s. The eighteen months she has spent with the nuns of Corps have, as I am told, somewhat softened her. Spite of all this, she still appeared to me a sullen, awkward, stupidly silent being, scarce ever answering more than ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ when she *does* reply. If she says any thing more, there is always a certain stiffness in her replies, and a bad-tempered timidity, which is far from putting one at one’s ease with her.

For the rest, after having seen the two children several times each, I

never found in them any of the charms of their age; they have not, or at least do not appear to have, any of that piety, that childlike candour, which touches, attracts, and inspires confidence.

I had a particularly good inspection of the boy, and for a long time together. The day I mounted La Salette we spent near fourteen hours together. He came to fetch me from my inn at five o'clock in the morning, accompanied me to the mountain of the "Apparition," and we only parted at seven at night. Certainly I had time enough to watch him closely, to study him carefully, to observe him severely, in a word, to examine him on all sides; and I did not lose my opportunity. I must avow he never for an instant ceased to be the object of my most attentive observations, and at the same time of the profoundest distrust. Not for a moment did he cease to be displeasing to me; and it was only in the afternoon, and that late in it, that by degrees, as it were despite myself, favourable reflections took the upper hand, and won the day over disagreeable impressions. Almost without my knowledge, and contrary to all my preconceived ideas, in seeing and hearing all that I saw and heard, I was led to say to myself: 'Spite of these children, and all their disagreeableness, every thing they say, every thing I see, every thing I hear, is only explicable by the truth of their narrative.'

At Grenoble I had been warned of the species of narrative which the children would make me, of what had happened to them, and what they had seen on the mountain. I was told they went through it just like a lesson. 'Tis true my informants added, reasonably enough, that one should allow some excuse to them for this, since for eighteen months past they had gone over the account so many thousands of times, that no one need be astonished it had become a sort of routine in their mouths. I was quite disposed to be indulgent on this head, provided the routine and recitation did not extend to the ridiculous; but it turned out quite otherwise. Although the children were very repulsive to me before the narrative, and continued so to be after it, I must admit that, when making it, they both did so with a simplicity, a gravity, a seriousness, a certain religious respect, whose contrast with the always vulgar and habitually coarse tone of the boy, with the constantly unpolished and not over-amiable one of the girl, struck me very forcibly.

I should here add, that this astonishment was constantly renewed in my mind during the two days, especially as respected the little boy, who, as I have before said, spent an entire day in my company. I left him on that occasion quite at his ease; I let him take all the liberties he wished; every one of his defects, all his coarseness, were thus apparent to me in full vigour. And yet every time the ill-mannered boy was led, even in the most unexpected manner, to speak of the great event, there took place in him a change, profound, sudden, singular, and instantaneous; and the same with the girl. The boy preserves his look and disagreeable exterior, but his excessive coarseness is altogether toned down. They suddenly even become so grave, so serious;

they, as it were, involuntarily become so strangely simple and ingenuous, even so respectful towards themselves, that they also inspire those who listen to them with a sort of religious awe towards the things of which they speak, and a sort of respect for their persons. I was constantly, and sometimes very forcibly, under the influence of these impressions, without, nevertheless, for one moment ceasing to consider them very disagreeable children.

I here insert an observation which has reference to what I have just remarked. When they speak of the great event of which they assert themselves the witnesses, or rather reply to the questions addressed them on that head, this singular respect for what they say goes so far, that when they chance to make one of those really astonishing and perfectly unexpected replies, which confound questioners, cut short every indiscreet inquiry, resolve simply, profoundly, absolutely, the gravest difficulties, they shew no signs of triumph. People are sometimes stupefied at their intelligence : they themselves remain unmoved thereat. The very slightest smile never once ruffles their lips.

For the rest, they never reply to the questions put to them save in the simplest and briefest manner. Their simplicity is sometimes clownish, but their aptness and precision always extraordinary. The moment the great event is mentioned, they seem to have lost all the ordinary defects of their age. Above all, they are chary and reserved of speech. Maximin is otherwise a great talker ; when he's at his ease he's a perfect little chatterbox. During the fourteen hours we spent together, he gave me every possible proof of this defect ; he spoke to me of all things, and with great abundance of words, questioning me without any scruple, giving me his opinion first, and contradicting mine. But as respects the event he relates, his impressions, his fears, or his hopes for the future, all that refers to *the apparition*, he is no longer the same boy. On this point he never takes the initiative, never is indiscreet, never forgets himself. He never gives a detail beyond what he is precisely asked. When he has related the fact he is charged to say, when he has replied to the question addressed to him, he is silent. People are greedy to hear more, long for him to speak still, that he would add details, relate what he felt and still feels ; but no, he adds not a word to the necessary reply. Then anon he resumes the interrupted thread of his conversation, speaks with great volubility of any thing else, as occasion offers, or goes his way.

The certain fact is, that neither the one nor the other have absolutely the least desire to speak of the event which renders them so celebrated.

From all the accounts I could gather on the spot, they never speak needlessly about it to any one, either their little comrades, the nuns who bring them up, or strangers. When they are interrogated, they reply ; they simply state the fact, if it be the fact that they are asked ; simply give the solution, if a difficulty be proposed to them ; add nothing to what is necessary, or subtract aught therefrom. For the rest, they never refuse to reply to the questions put to them, but one

cannot induce them to speak beyond a certain measure. In vain will you multiply indiscreet questions; their replies are never so. Discretion, the most difficult of all virtues, is natural to them (*on this point only*) to an incredible degree. It is in vain to press; one feels about them something invincible, which they themselves cannot account for, that repulses every effort, and involuntarily and immovably resists every, the strongest and liveliest, temptation.

Whoever knows children, with their volatile, unsteady, vain, chattering, indiscreet, and curious dispositions, and will make the same experiment I have done, will share the astonishment I have felt, and ask himself whether he is conquered by those two children, or by a superior and divine force.

I may as well add, that for the past two years the two children and their poor families have remained as poor as before. This is a fact which I have myself verified to my own satisfaction, and which it is easy to ascertain with the most perfect certainty.

Moreover, from my own observation, I can go further, and say, that the children, and little Maximin in particular, whom I watched much closer, and for much longer a time, appeared to me to have preserved a simplicity, and I will add, a humility so absolute, despite the honour they have received, and the lustre wherewith that honour environs them, that they do not even seem to be virtues of *degree* in them: they are what they are, and have the air of being unable to be otherwise; and they are so with a passive *naïveté*, that stupifies, when one regards it closely and reflects thereon.

The fact is, that they do not even comprehend the honour they have received, and seem to have no idea of the celebrity henceforth attached to their names. They have seen thousands of pilgrims, 60,000 *in one day*, come at their summons to the mountain of La Salette. They have not, however, for all that, become any the prouder or more refined in their words or manners. They regard it all without astonishment, without a thought, without a return on themselves. And in fact, if what they relate be true, they understand their post as the Holy Virgin herself meant it to be understood. She did not pretend to do them any honour; she intended to make choice of witnesses, who should be above all suspicion by a *simplicity* so profound, so absolute, so extraordinary, that nothing was ever comparable thereto, and such as naturally could neither be explained nor comprehended; *and she has succeeded*.

Such is the first feature of truth I have remarked in these children.

2d. I find the second *in the numerous answers, absolutely above their age and bearing, which they have spontaneously made to the different interrogatories to which they have been subjected*.

For it must be remarked, that never was a culprit so besieged by questions as have these two poor little peasants been, for two years, about the vision they relate. To difficulties often prepared beforehand, sometimes long and insidiously meditated, they have always opposed prompt, brief, clear, and peremptory replies. One feels that they would be radically incapable of so much presence of mind, were it not all truth.

One has seen them led like malefactors to the very spot either of their revelation or imposture; neither the gravest or most distinguished personages disconcert them, nor threats or reproaches alarm them, nor caresses or gentleness make them yield, nor the longest interrogatories fatigue them, nor the frequent repetition of all these trials detects any contradiction, whether of each to him or herself, or the one to the other. It is impossible to be less like accomplices; and were they such, they would require an unexampled genius to be thus constantly consistent with themselves for the two years past that this strange and rigorous inquiry has lasted, and uninterruptedly continues. All which does not prevent their mixing up therewith the oddest contrasts; sometimes the coarseness of their education, sometimes impatience and a certain ill humour, sometimes gentleness, calm, imperturbable *sang froid*, sometimes, or rather always, a discretion, a reserve, impenetrable to all, parents, companions, acquaintances, the entire universe.

For the rest, I here subjoin questions and replies borrowed partly from my personal recollections, partly from the legally drawn-up documents deposited in the Bishop's register-office at Grenoble, and whose authenticity I guarantee.

D. to Melanie (the little girl).—The Lady told you a secret, and forbade you to repeat it. Very good; but tell me at least whether it regards yourself or some other person?

Melanie.—Whoever it regards, she forbade us to tell it.

D.—Is your secret something you have to do?

Melanie.—Whether it be so or not is nobody's business. She forbade us to tell it.

M. l'Abbé Chambon, superior of the little seminary of Grenoble.—God has revealed your secret to a holy nun; but I would rather learn it from yourself, and thus make sure you are not fibbing.

Melanie.—Since the nun knows it, she may tell it you: I will not.

D.—You ought to tell your confessor your secret, from whom nothing should be hid.

Maximin.—My secret is no sin; in confession we are only obliged to tell our sins.

D.—If you were to tell your secret or die?

Maximin (with firmness).—I would die: I would not tell it.

D.—If the Pope required to know your secret, you would certainly be compelled to tell him; for the Pope is much greater than the Holy Virgin.

Maximin.—The Pope greater than the Holy Virgin! If the Pope does his duty well, he will be a holy man; but always less than the Holy Virgin.

D.—But it's perhaps the devil that has confided this secret to you?

Maximin (alone).—No; for the devil has no crucifix, and would not forbid blasphemy.

Melanie (alone, to the same question).—The devil does, I dare say, sometimes appear; but I don't believe he would tell such secrets as

this. He wouldn't forbid swearing; he would not wear a crucifix, and bid us go to Mass.

M. Gerente, Chaplain to the Sisters of Providence of Corene, near Grenoble, to Maximin.—I don't want to know your secret. But doubtless it regards the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It ought to be known after your death. This is my advice, then: write it in a letter, which you shall seal, and afterwards deposit in the Bishop's register-office. When his lordship and you are both dead, the letter will be read, and you have kept your secret.

Maximin.—But some one might be tempted to break open my letter; and then I don't know who may go to the register-office. (Then putting his hand on his mouth, and next on his heart :) My best register-office (said he, with an expressive gesture) is here!

Another ecclesiastic said to Maximin: You want to become a priest; well, tell me your secret, and I'll take charge of you; I'll write to his lordship, who will send you to college for nothing.

Maximin.—If to become a priest I must tell my secret, I shall never be one.

M. l'Abbé Lagier, curé of the environs of Corps, asked Melanie.—You don't understand French, you don't go to school; how, then, could you remember what the lady said to you? Did she repeat it often?

Melanie.—Oh, no; she only told it me once, and I perfectly remember it. And besides, even though I did not understand it, by repeating what she said to me those who know French would do so, even though I did not; that would be sufficient.

D.—The lady deceived you, Maximin: she predicted a famine, and yet the harvest is good every where.

Maximin.—What have I to do with that? She told me so; that's her affair.

To this same question, the children have at other times replied: But if people did penance?

D.—The lady you saw is in prison at Grenoble.

Maximin.—They'll be cunning who catch her!

D.—The lady you saw was only a luminous and brilliant cloud.

Maximin.—But a cloud doesn't speak.

A priest.—You are a little storyteller; I don't believe you.

Maximin.—What does that matter to me? I am ordered to tell it you, not to make you believe it.

Another priest.—I tell you what, I don't believe you; you're not telling the truth.

Maximin (with vivacity).—Then why come so far to question me?

A Curé of La Vallouise, in the diocese of Gap.—The lady disappeared in a cloud?

Melanie.—There was no cloud.

The Curé insists.—But it is easy to wrap oneself in a cloud and disappear.

Melanie (with vivacity).—Sir, wrap yourself in a cloud and disappear.

The Abbé Albertin, Professor at the Great Seminary of Grenoble.—Are you not tired, my little boy, of having every day to repeat the same thing?

Maximin.—And you, sir, are you tired of every day saying Mass?

M. l'Abbé Repellin, Professor at the little Seminary, and M. Bellier, Missionary at Valence, and other highly respectable persons, depose to having received yet more astonishing replies.

The Abbé Repellin wrote on the 19th November, 1847 :—"I asked the little girl if the marvellous person she had seen might not be an evil spirit that wished to sow trouble in the Church. She replied to me, as she had before done to others: 'But, sir, the devil does not wear a cross.' I continued: 'But, my child, the devil carried our Lord to the top of the temple, and the mountain; and he therefore might very easily carry his cross.' 'No, sir,' said she, with a certain assurance; 'no, the good God would not let his cross be carried like that, for He died on the cross.' 'But He allowed Himself to be carried.' 'But He saved the world by the cross.' The confidence unshaken, yet far from bold, of the child, the depth of her reply, whose beauty she did not, however, seem to feel, closed my mouth. On another occasion she explained herself more categorically. It was remarked to her that the devil had carried our Lord in his own person: 'Yes,' said she, 'but He was not then glorified.' 'Does your guardian angel know your secret, Melanie?' 'Yes, sir.' 'There is some one who knows it, then?' 'But my guardian angel is not flesh and blood like ourselves.'"

One of my friends, two days before I journeyed to La Salette, said to Maximin: "We all owe obedience to the Pope. Well, then, if the Pope were to say to you: My child, you should not believe a word of all this, what would be your reply?" The boy answered with the utmost gentleness and respect: "I would tell him he would see."

Such, my dear friend, are some of the innumerable responses of these children: I know not whether you agree with me, but they are assuredly, at the very least, most astonishing.

3d. The third feature of truth I remarked in the children is the following.

You know they each pretend to be the possessor of a secret, of which the other is ignorant, and which they must not, and desire not, to tell to any one.

I could not avoid seeing a characteristic sign of their veracity in the fidelity wherewith this secret is kept.

Each of them possessing a secret, and that for two years past, never has the one boasted of knowing that of the other. Their parents, masters, curés, comrades, thousands of pilgrims, have questioned them about these secrets, asked them for a revelation of some sort thereon; people have used for this purpose incredible efforts; but neither friendship, interest, promises, menaces, civil or ecclesiastical authority, nothing has been able to effect the wished-for information; and at this very hour, after two years of constant attempts, nothing, absolutely nothing, is known.

For myself, I made the greatest efforts to penetrate this secret. Some singular circumstances aided me in urging my endeavours further than others; I once thought I had succeeded; how, I will now relate.

As I have before said, I took little Maximin to the mountain with me. Spite of the repugnance wherewith the boy inspired me, I nevertheless strove to be kind and amiable towards him, and took every possible opportunity to open and win his heart. My success was no great matter; but on reaching the summit of the mountain, some one who was there gave him two pictures; amongst others, one representing the combats of the 24th February in the streets of Paris. Amidst the combatants was depicted a priest assisting the wounded. The little boy fancied he saw some resemblance between that ecclesiastic and myself; and although I told him he was quite deceived, he was still persuaded it was me, and from that moment shewed me the warmest and most rustic friendship. Thenceforward he appeared entirely at his ease, and familiar. I eagerly profited thereby, and we became the best friends in the world, without, however, I must confess, his ceasing to be most disagreeable to me. From that time he hung on my arm, and never left it for the whole day. Thus did we descend the mountain together. I had him to breakfast and dine with me; he conversed about every thing with the greatest nonchalance,—the Republic, the trees of liberty, &c. &c. When I led the conversation back to what alone interested myself, he would reply, as I have said, briefly and simply; every thing that had reference to the Holy Virgin's *apparition* was always, as it were, a thing apart in our conversation. He would all at once stop short in the very height of his gossip; the depth, the form, the tone, the voice, the precision of what he would say—all suddenly became singularly grave and religious. Then in another moment passing to something else, he would resume his ordinary style of familiar and lively chatter.

Often did I recommence my efforts and most skilful insinuations, in order to profit by this openness and ease, and make him speak on what interested me, and in particular about his secret, without his being conscious thereof, or desirous so to do. I was determined to dive into the recesses of his soul, to catch him tripping, and will ye nill ye, to force his heart to give up the truth. But I must confess, all my efforts, ever since the morning, had been perfectly useless. Just as I fancied I had reached my ends and obtained something, all my hopes would vanish into the air; all that I fancied I had got suddenly escaped me, and a reply of the boy replunged me into all my former uncertainties. This absolute reserve seemed to me so extraordinary in a child—I will even add in any human being—that without doing him a violence, which was repugnant to my conscience, I was desirous of going as far as possible, and trying the extremest efforts to vanquish him in some way, and at length surprise his secret. This singular secret was uppermost in my thoughts: to catch him on this point I spared no seduction within the limits I deemed allowable.

After many trials and efforts absolutely useless, a circumstance in appearance very slight offered me an occasion, which for a moment I deemed favourable.

I had a carpet-bag with me, whose lock opened and shut by means of a spring that dispenses with the use of a key. As the little boy is very curious, touches every thing, looks at every thing, and always in the most indiscreet manner, he did not fail to regard my bag, and seeing me open it without a key, asked me how I managed it. I replied, it was *a secret*. He eagerly pressed me to shew him it. The word *secret* brought to my mind the idea of his, and I profited by the circumstance to say, "My child, that is my secret; you wouldn't tell me yours—I won't tell you mine." This was said half seriously, half jokingly.

"That's not the same thing," he instantly replied. "And why?" said I. "Because I have been forbid to tell my secret, but you have not been forbid to tell yours." The reply was a body blow; but I would not acknowledge myself beaten; and without appearing to comprehend him, I said in the same tone: "Since you won't tell me your secret, I shan't tell you mine." He insisted: I myself excited his anxiety and curiosity; I opened and mysteriously shut my lock, without his being able to comprehend my *secret*; I was cruel enough to keep him thus ardent, tantalised, and suspended for several hours. Ten times during that period did the little boy return vigorously to the charge. "With all my heart," said I; "but tell me your secret also."

At these tempting words, the religious boy instantly reappeared, and all his curiosity seemed to die away. Then, some time after, he pressed me again. I made the same reply, and always experienced the same resistance. Seeing him thus immovable, I at length said: "But at least, my boy, since you wish me to tell you my secret, let me know something of yours; I do not ask you to tell me it all, but at least what you may repeat. At least, tell me whether it's a happy or unhappy thing; that will not be telling me your secret."

"I cannot," was his sole reply; only, as we were friends, I remarked an expression of regret in his refusal and words.

At length I yielded, and shewed him the secret of my lock. He was enchanted, leaped for joy, and opened and shut my carpet-bag several times. I said to him, "You see, I have told you my secret, and you haven't told me yours." He seemed grieved at this new instance and sort of reproach. I thought it right not to return thereto again, and remained convinced, as any one must be who knows human indiscretion, and in particular that of children, that the little boy had just victoriously overcome one of the strongest temptations and moral violences that could be imagined.

Anon, however, I took the initiative afresh, in a tone still more serious, and made him sustain another assault, the occasion whereof was as follows:

I had given him some prints bought at the top of the mountain. He had only a very poor straw hat; I bought him another on returning

to the village of Corps. Next I offered to give him whatever else he stood in need of. He asked for a blouse; I told him to go and buy one; it cost 58 sous, which I paid. He went to shew his prints, the blouse, and the hat to his father, and came back to tell me his friends were well pleased. He had already spoken to me with a certain tenderness of his father's troubles and misfortunes; I profited by the fact of his mother's recent death, and, whilst reproaching myself somewhat interiorly for the temptations I subjected the boy to, said: "But, my child, if you would tell me as much of your secret as you may tell, I might help your father very greatly." I went further, and added: "Yes, my dear boy, I would myself get him many things he wants, and enable both you and him to live tranquilly and happy at home, without wanting for any thing. Why are you so obstinate in refusing to tell as much of your secret as you may tell, when it might be so advantageous to your father in extricating him from his difficulties?"

Certainly the temptation was sharp; the child was quite disarmed. He could not doubt my sincerity; and in truth I was disposed to do all I said. He saw it, it was manifest. He replied in a lower tone, "No, sir, I cannot."

One must confess, that if he had invented a first fable, he could easily have made a second, and told me some secret or other analogous to his principal story, and whose confidence would have been to him and his a source of immediate and great advantage. He preferred making me the reply I have related; or rather, without any preference, he made it spontaneously and simply.

I did not consider myself utterly defeated, and urged the temptation yet farther—too far perhaps, but certainly to the last extremity, as you shall judge, and for which you may perhaps blame me.

A particular circumstance occasioned my having about me a considerable sum in gold. Whilst he was engaged in curiously examining all that my chamber contained, and inspecting every one of my effects, ransacking every corner like a true *gamin*, my purse and this gold met his eye. He eagerly seized it, poured it out on the table, and fell to counting it; made it into several little heaps; then, after having so done, amused himself by unmaking and making them again. When I saw him quite charmed and thoroughly enchanted with the sight and touch of the gold, I thought the moment was come to prove and know with certainty his sincerity, and I said to him with a friendly air: "Well, my boy, if you will tell me as much of your secret as you may tell, I'll give you all that gold for you and your father. You shall have it all, and this very moment; and don't think you are robbing me, for I have other money to continue my journey with."

I then saw a moral phenomenon, assuredly very singular; and I am still struck thereby whilst relating it. The boy was wholly absorbed in the gold; he delighted in seeing, touching, and counting it. Suddenly, at my words, he became sad, abruptly left the table and the temptation, and said, "I cannot, sir." I insisted: "And yet there's enough to make you and your father happy." Once more he replied,

"I cannot;" and in a manner and tone so firm, although very simple, that I felt myself beaten. However, not to appear so, I added in a tone to which I was desirous of imparting dissatisfaction, contempt, and irony: "But perhaps you won't tell me your secret, because you have none: it's only a bad joke on your part." He did not seem offended by these words, and replied with animation: "Oh yes, I have though; but I may not tell it." "Who has forbidden you?" "The Holy Virgin."

Thenceforward I ceased to wage a useless contest. I felt that the child's dignity was greater than mine. I placed my hand with friendship and respect on his head, traced a cross on his brow, and said: "Adieu, my dear child, I trust the Holy Virgin will excuse all the entreaties I have made you. Be all your life faithful to the grace you have received." And a few moments after we parted, not to meet again.

To interrogations, to offers of a similar kind, the little girl had replied to me, "Oh, we have enough; there is no need to be rich."

Such is the third sign of truth I have remarked in these children. Now, what to think of all this? Is it truth, error, or imposture?

There is but one of the four following suppositions by which it can be reasonably explained:

We must either, first, admit the supernatural truth of the apparition, the narrative, and the children's secret. But that is very grave and of great consequence. Should there be any trickery, and it be one day discovered, either through the children or others, will not the deceived sincerity of so many religious hearts receive a severe, and it may be dangerous shock?

Or, second, say they are deceived, and still the sport of some hallucination. But whoever has journeyed to La Salette, and examined every thing, will not hesitate to affirm that this supposition is absolutely ridiculous and inadmissible.

Or, third, that the children are the inventors of the fable, which they have coined out of their own brain, and unsupportedly sustained it against every one for two years past, without ever once contradicting or stultifying themselves. For my part, I feel it absolutely impossible to admit this third supposition. Such a fable would seem to me more astonishing than the truth of the event.

Or, in short, fourth, that there is an inventor, an impostor, hidden behind the two children, and that they have lent themselves to play the part he has prepared for them in his imposture, which part he daily teaches them to play anew. Without going deep into matters, as M. Rousselot has done, I will confine myself to replying that all the preceding is repugnant to such a supposition. The inventor would appear to me at once very unskilful in choosing for actors and witnesses of so extraordinary an imposture beings such as I have described them, and very clever in making them play their part for full two years, before two or three hundred thousand successive spectators, observers, investigators, interrogators, of all kinds, without the two children ever

once betraying themselves in aught, without any one discovering this impostor behind the scenes, without a single indiscretion on the children's part giving rise to the least suspicion—without the least trace thereof having to this day appeared!

The first supposition, therefore, remains; that is to say, the supernatural truth, which is, in fact, very strongly confirmed: 1st, by the consistent character of the children; 2d, by the replies, absolutely above their age and bearing, given by them in the different interrogatories they have had to undergo; 3d, by the extraordinary fidelity wherewith they keep the secret they assert has been confided to them.

Were I obliged to pronounce and say *yes* or *no* on this revelation, and bound to decide by the rigorous sincerity of my conscience, I would say *yes* rather than *no*. Human and Christian prudence would lead me to say *yes* rather than *no*, and I should feel no fear of being condemned at the judgment-seat of God as guilty of imprudence or credulity.

Most truly yours, * * *

But while the miraculous tokens of the Divine presence, aiding and enlightening the Church, are thus as wonderful as ever in our own times, the Church herself is found ever varying the natural weapons with which she fights her battles with the world. That principle of association which is the striking characteristic of the age has nowhere been employed with greater skill and energy in the service of God, than in that strange metropolis where things are ever in extremes, and where living men wear the aspect of either saints or devils more manifestly than in any other spot of this strange world. The very title of the book which stands last on our list is of that curious kind which we should look for only in Paris, and of itself suggests the terrible nature of that struggle which is there unceasingly waged between the kingdoms of darkness and of light. The *Politique de Satan* is simply an account of the religious institutions of Paris. Its author, M. de St. Cheron, has divided it into three parts, treating of the clergy, the religious communities, and the laity. These are again subdivided into chapters. The first part consists of four chapters, which treat of the Archbishop, the parishes, the parish priests, the curates, the chief preachers, the royal chapter of St. Denis, the seminaries and Christian institutions, the Faculty of Theology, and the University. The second part consists of two chapters, and relates to the Jesuits, their labours and works, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, their schools, the Benedictines, the congregations for missions, the Lazarists, and foreign missions. The third part relates to the religious associations, their progress, extent, and influence; the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, the Archconfraternity

of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, its rapid progress; confraternities and pilgrimages; the Catholics in the Chambers, in the Institute, at the bar, in literature, in the sciences, in the arts, and in the press; the attendance in the churches, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, confraternities of doctors, artists, and men of letters; *Le Cercle et l'Institut Catholique*, the Catholic press in Paris and in the provinces. Having thus described the work, we shall extract some of the most interesting parts of it. The clergy of the whole diocese are only 928 in number; this is only one to every twelve hundred souls.

The Preachers of Paris.—Having described Pères Lacordaire and Ravignan, M. de St. Cheron proceeds thus: Father Ravignan is not the only Jesuit who is heard in Paris, and is distinguished for his oratorical ability. I will point out to you also Father Lefebvre, whose preaching is so moving and attractive, so persuasive and so full of unction; Fathers Lurtique and Humphry, who possess so much fluency and ardour; and the Father Desplaces, whose style is so condensed, so nervous and conclusive. * * *

I now come to another class of preachers,—to the secular clergy. I have already alluded to the Abbés Cœur and Dequerry. I will also mention the Abbé Combalot, highly deserving, from his faith and ardent zeal, of the title of Apostolic Missionary, which was given to him by the head of the Church. An acute intellect, a warm imagination, rapid and animated style, lively gestures, and a powerful voice, are the qualifications of this Christian orator. More philosophical in his language, the Abbé Bautain addresses a more limited, but a more select audience.

The Abbé Lecourtier is excelled by none in the art of quoting sacred texts with exactitude, precision, and elegance. The faith of an apostle, the learning of the evangelists, of the fathers and doctors of the Church, are expressed by the eloquent voice of the Abbé Gabriel. The Abbé Marcellin is impetuous, unequal, and poetical; it is said that he composes his discourses in the fields, in the forests, and by the sea-shore. The Abbés Ratisbonne, de Bonnechose, and de la Bouillerie, are admired for the solidity of their instructions and the ease of their delivery. A young priest of St. Sulpice, the Abbé Gibert, is also distinguished for his piety, his proved zeal, pure diction, and his elevated thoughts. The Abbé Lacarrière attracts by unction, ardent faith, and correct language. This young abbé was one of the best pupils of the Université under the Restoration; he passed through his studies in the Royal College, in one of the principal towns of the centre of France.

Seminaries and Christian Institutions.—There exist in Paris four seminaries especially destined for those who are desirous to become ministers of Christ. The diocesan seminary is directed by the congregation of St. Sulpice; it reckons 220 pupils in the house at Paris: that of Issy contains 10 novices of the congregation of St. Sulpice, and 55 pupils of philosophy.

Besides the houses for the formation of priests, Catholicity has created establishments whereby youths receive sound religious education, such as the Institution of the Abbé Poiloup, that of M. Mourice, the Stanislas College, and the *Pension*, directed by M. Laville, to prepare young men for the Polytechnic School; near Paris is the famous college of Juilly, under the management of the Abbé Bautain and his principal disciples.

Communities of Men. The Jesuits.—"The most dangerous of these congregations," says the Report, "from the nature, the energy, the intrepidity, and the unity of its institute, being that of the Jesuits, we have constantly endeavoured to concentrate all the hatred of our friends, the enemies of the Church, and the religious orders, against that famous society. When we have conquered them, the rest becomes easy. * * * In their establishment we find priests who, by prayer, meditation, and strict rule, prepare to preach the Gospel among civilised nations and among savages. Not content with public preaching, they spend their lives in listening to individuals in the confessionals, in reclaiming sinners, in strengthening the weak and comforting the faithful: they are ready for every good work; but though they are accused of egotism and cupidity, their lives are devoted to the humblest of their brethren. While they revive the noble days of Christian eloquence, I inspire their enemies with the idea of accusing them of wishing to enslave the human mind. I have named several of the most remarkable of them among the preachers. Others are distinguished by their labours; as Père Moigno in science, and Pères Cahier and Arthur Martin in letters and the arts. The two latter are the authors of that grand and magnificent monograph of the Cathedral of Bourges, a *chef d'œuvre* of erudition, taste, and art."

While so many writers and philosophical friends of the people make no sacrifices of time, amusements, or fortune, and are still framing their theories as to the means of rendering them richer, more moral, and more instructed, the Jesuits in Paris and in the other towns of France, by their patience, charity, and self-devotion, succeed in reclaiming a great number of workmen from habits of debauchery, and from all the vices

of impiety, and in leading them back to their duties, and to domestic happiness, and to a regular and respectable mode of life, enriched with the money which, before this regeneration, was devoted to the gratification of the grossest and most degrading passions. They have also established workshops, where the children of the poor receive that industrial education which secures them a subsistence without destroying their morality.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools.—The principal house of these brothers is at Paris, and the Superior General of the community is Brother Philip, whose rare skill has greatly extended his institute. In France the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine give gratuitous instruction to 200,000 children of the poor. In Paris they have thirty schools, and, moreover, four very flourishing *pensionnats* within the precincts.

A young brother of the Christian Doctrine lately died in their house in the Rue de Fleurus; being scarcely thirty years old, he had not yet had time to make himself known and loved by that long course of self-devotion, sacrifices, and charity, which fills up the existence of the children of M. de Lasalle; and yet his death moved all the parish of St. Sulpice; men, women, and children, all crowded to render a last debt of gratitude to the young brother; all pressed, during many hours, into the place where his body lay. The hour for the funeral service strikes, and the vast nave of St. Sulpice can scarcely contain the crowd of rich and poor, of the great and the lowly, collected by a common feeling of piety and sorrow. The procession directs its course towards the cemetery; and to judge from the immense number who follow, one would say that a great and powerful prince was being taken to his last home. But instead of the vanity, the indifference, and the forgetfulness which accompany the funeral pomp of princes, simplicity, universal emotion, and prayer, ever mindful of the faithful friend of God and the poor, adorn the modest funeral of the humble brother. Judge of the influence exercised over men's minds and society by these religious, who become great in proportion to their humility.

After having given children of the poorer classes primary instruction, the Brothers of Christian Doctrine have also taken charge of them when leaving the schools, at the time when they are about to be apprenticed, and to be exposed to the risk of losing all the fruit of their first education. To obviate this danger, the brethren founded in 1841 the institute for apprentices and workmen; it is devoted to confiding to safe masters the multitude of children who are apprenticed when they leave school, to completing their instruction, shielding

them from the dangers that surround them, and affording, not only to apprentices, but also to young workmen, all the means of continuing in the practice of religion.

Benedictines.—Dom Guéranger, the Abbot of Solesmes, the restorer of the Benedictine order in France, has established a house of postulants in Paris. This abbot is one of the most learned ecclesiastics of France. He has undertaken to restore the Gallican liturgy to Catholic traditions and to Roman unity.

The Congregation of the Mission is engaged in educating missionaries for the interior of France.

The Missionaries of the Congregation of the Perpetual Adoration of Pieputiens convert whole nations to the Catholic faith in the East, Oceana, Tahiti, the Gambier islands, and at Smyrna. The Gambier islands renew in the nineteenth century the prodigies of the Jesuits in Paraguay.

The Congregation of Priests of the Mission, better known under the name of Lazarists, is still established in the house of their founder, St. Vincent de Paul; it governs institutions and seminaries in France, and founds schools in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and China.

Communities of religious Women.—In Paris there are about forty communities of religious women, devoted either to prayer, the education of girls, or works of charity. The most numerous community is that of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Every year 300 new Sisters leave the mother house; this house not being large enough, they are forced to refuse, or to postpone, a much larger number of subjects who seek to be allowed to pronounce the vows of chastity, poverty, obedience, and charity. There are nearly 6000 Sisters of Charity now in France, and in the department of the Seine alone 3000. This community extends into Belgium, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, the Levant, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, and Algiers; it is the universal conquest of charity. There are the Dames de Bon-secours, who attend the sick and poor gratuitously. Several congregations are exclusively devoted to reclaiming dissolute women, such as Les Dames de la Charité Notre Dame du Refuge, the Dames de la Charité Notre Dame du Bon Pasteur, the Filles Repenties de St. Marie-Madeleine, and the Filles de Nazareth.

Among the communities devoted to the gratuitous education of the daughters of the poor and those of the rich, are distinguished the ladies of the Sacre Cœur and the ladies of the Congregation of our Lady.

Religious Associations. *The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.*—The receipts of the first year, 1820, were 15,272 francs; those of 1842 amounted to four millions—a sou

per week, given by all associates, rich and poor, kings and subjects, throughout Christendom. The association publishes annually six numbers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, containing an account of the labours, sufferings, persecutions, and progress of the missionaries. 150,000 copies of these were published in French, German, English, Spanish, Flemish, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch; and several editions of the work were required in the same language.

The Archconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary was founded in 1836, by the Abbé Desgenottes, for the conversion of sinners. The number of its associates is not less than four millions, spread over all the countries of the earth, among civilised nations and savage tribes. In Paris itself, the learned societies, the French Academy, the legal and medical schools, as well as the normal and polytechnic, are represented on the registers of the Archconfraternity by the inscription of a great many members. Its Manual and annals shew the wonderful progress of this institute. In four years the Manual has gone through eight editions, amounting to 40,000 copies; moreover, thirty Bishops of France have had it abridged for the use of their dioceses. Many editions of these have reached 50,000 copies. The manual has been translated into Italian, German, English, Flemish, Dutch, Portuguese, Polish, &c.

Association of St. Francis Xavier.—This institute, belonging to the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, was founded in 1840, by the Abbé Massard, a young priest full of intelligence and zeal. Its object is to unite workmen in the duties of the Christian life, in the observance of Sunday, in mutual charity, and in assisting in the institute of the Propagation of the Faith. Twice a month, on Sunday, they assemble in each parish, to pray together, to hear instructive lectures, and to receive Christian teaching.

Formerly the majority of these men devoted their Sunday to drunkenness or debauchery; in one day they spent the wages of the whole week; their families were condemned to misery; they were violent in their actions and rude in their language at their own homes: now they are models of faithful husbands, watchful and fond parents, and honest labourers; they are happy themselves, and they make others happy. Besides the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the Jesuits, and the secular clergy, there are associated in the management of this institute, learned laymen, orators, economists, poets, musicians, and sculptors, who give lectures to the workmen.

The Society of St. Maurice.—Independently of the labours of the conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for

the army, another society has been founded for the special purpose of promoting the practice of religion among soldiers. This has taken the name of the Society of St. Maurice, the glorious and venerated leader of the legion of heroic soldiers and martyrs. This association is already numerous.

Institutions of Charity.—The institutions of Catholic charity are more numerous even than the religious associations. Almost all have laymen for founders, directors, and members. They are fully described in a book called *The Manual of the Institutions and Works of Charity at Paris*. In Paris alone there are at least eighty of these institutions, which relate to births, education, apprenticeship, maladies, &c., and which have for their object visiting, consoling, and caring for the poor, as well as giving moral instruction to their children.

Among these institutions, not the most ancient, but the most numerous and important, is that of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the visitation of the poor. Founded in 1833, by eight students, it has spread with great rapidity. In 1833, only eight members, and in 1843, 5000. In 1833, annual receipts, 2480 francs; in 1843, 200,000 francs. In 1835, there were only four conferences in Paris; in 1843 there were thirty, comprehending 2000 members. Conferences have been established in fifty other towns of France. Two have been founded in Rome.

In Paris this society visits 5000 families, and protects 15,000 children. It has multiplied its labours with its resources; now it attends to the visitation of the poor, to their marriages, to houses of refuge, to the protection of children, to apprentices, to prisoners, &c. The chief founder of this institution, M. Bailly, is still the president-general of it; he has contributed to consolidate and develope the society, and to maintain its spirit.

Brotherhoods.—In the various parishes of Paris are established numerous brotherhoods, which, on certain days, assemble the faithful for different devotions. The trades-unions are still accustomed to have Mass said on the feast of their patron. As in the ages of faith, a brotherhood has been formed to unite artists in prayer; and they derive from the practice of their religious duties that elevation of thought, that delicacy of feeling, and those habits of order and morality, which give so exalted a character to their works.

A number of medical men are united in a brotherhood for the propagation of Catholic doctrines in the medical sciences. A brotherhood is also established among literary men; it publishes a critical and literary review, and comprehends distinguished writers and edifying Catholics.

Catholic Authors.—Among the rest, Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, MM. de Chateaubriand, Ballanche, Guirand, Droz, Eugene and Leon Boré; l'Abbés Cazalès, l'Abbé Gerbet, Audley, de Condé, de Carné, de Fontette, Cor, Desdouits, Bailly, Bonetty, Daniels, Dumont, Jourdain, Moreau, de Belleval, Henry and Charles de Riancey, Cyprien Robert, Louis Roupeau, Rendu Père et Fils, Ozanam, Lenormand, l'Abbé Lacordaire, l'Abbé de Salinis, l'Abbé de Scorbiac, Laurentie, de Laborde, de Champagny, Alfred de Falloux, Marquis de Beauflort, Louis de Veuillot, Chavin de Milan, Denoin, de Blanche, Jules Sauzai Stoffels, de Montreuil, de Surret, le Prevost, Théobald Walsh, Vicomte Walsh, de Bazelaire, l'Abbé Maret, l'Abbé Gosselin, l'Abbé Lecourtier, l'Abbé Ratisbonne, l'Abbé Bautain, l'Abbé Clement, l'Abbé Martin de Noirlieu, l'Abbé Moreau, l'Abbé Poulet, de Montalembert, Clement d'Erbhe, Charles Delaveau, de Legarenne, d'Ekstein, Alfred de Courcy, Paul Lamache, Guillemain, H. Victor, Antoine and Arnaud d'Abbadie, le Dreuillé, Hebrard, Buchez, Hippolyte Romand, Paul Feval, Comte Dohrer, Gondon, Abel Transon, l'Abbé du Lac de Montvert, Rio, l'Abbé Pascal, l'Abbé Glaire, l'Abbé Valroger, l'Abbé Drach, Paravey, Artaud du Montor, d'Ault Dumesnil, Roselly de Lorgue, Valery, Henrion, Emile Lefranc, l'Abbé Combalot, l'Abbé Maufried, l'Abbé Dubois, F. Guerin, Gabourd, Wilson, Maxime de Montrond, l'Abbé de Genoude, l'Abbé Reaveur, Lourdeneix, l'Abbé Corbière, Guinebault, Didron, Danjou, F. de Guilhermy, Rubichon, H. Geraud, Louis de Maslatrie, le R. Père Moigno, le Père Cahier, le Père Arthur Martin, le Père Ravignan, le Père Cahours, Poujoulet, Albert du Boys, de Ressenuier, de Jouaume, de la Rozière, de la Gournerie, Raoul-Rochette, Tarquety, de Chantal, Vati-mesnil, Audit, Villeneuve-Trans, Villeneuve-Bargemont, de Failly, l'Abbé Barthelemy, Edouard Alletz, Dom Gueranger, Edouard Ourliac, Desiré Carrière, d'Ortignes, de Melun, &c.

Provincial Authors.—The Archbishops of Lyons, Rheims, and Cambrai; the Bishops of Chartres, Belley, Tulle, Langres, Marseilles, Strasburg, &c. At Belley, the Abbé Greppo, well known for his historical labours; at Nivers, the Abbé Gaume; at Nancy, the Abbé Rohrbacher, the author of the noblest and most extensive historical work of the age, the *Universal History of the Church*. In Nancy also, so distinguished for faith, learning, and charity, MM. Guerrier, de Dumast, de Foblant, and Myon; at Tours, Leon Aubineau; at Rouen, Adolphe Archier; at Sens, Lalier; at Baune, M. Theophile Foisset; at Dijon, M. Frantin, M. Dudied, and M. Leon Lacordaire, brother of the famous Dominican; at Nimes,

MM. Reboul, Germain, and Gyfoitte; at Strasburg, MM. de Humbourg and l'Abbé Axinger; at Lyons, MM. Henry de Bonuld, Collombet, Gregoire, Blanc St. Bonnet, l'Abbé Prat, Rivet, the Abbés Noirot, Pavy, Dauphin, &c.; at St. Brieuc, MM. Geslin de Bourgoyne, Aurilion de Courson, &c.; at Marseilles, l'Abbé Fissiaux; at Arles, l'Abbé Regis. In the Department de l'Orne, le Père Debrayne, religieux de la grande Trappe; at Rodez, M. Llabour; at Lorient, M. Roux-Lavergne; at Metz, le Comte de Goetlosquet; at Castres, M. Alexis Combeguille.

Other Institutions.—To the other Catholic institutions existing in Paris, two others have been added within a few years, viz. le Cercle and l'Institut Catholique. These are intended to serve as places of meeting and reading for youth.

The Catholic Press.—L'Univers, l'Ami de la Religion, le Journal des Villes and des Campagnes, l'Université Catholique, les Annals de Philosophie Chrétienne, le Correspondant, la Lecture, le Mémorial Catholique, la Voix de la Vérité, &c.

Such is that vast body of spiritual machinery with which the Church in France is labouring to fulfil her glorious calling. Truly is the praise of the Church of France "in all the Churches;" and we in England may well look to her as a proof of what may be done by zeal, piety, and learning, amidst difficulties which would have crushed a hundred times any power but that which is divine. Yet all this is but the work of perhaps a quarter of a century, or little more. May we hope that when five-and-twenty years have passed over *our* heads, the saints in heaven and the angels will look down upon the Catholics of this country, and regard them with the same rejoicing with which they now contemplate the faith, the self-sacrifice, and the heroism of our brothers who are separated from us by some eight or ten leagues of water alone.

SHORT NOTICES.

DR. MURRAY'S *Irish Annual Miscellany* (Dublin, Bellew) is a work of no ordinary merit. The execution is as satisfactory as the idea is novel. Dr. Murray unites vivacity of expression with vigour and accuracy of thought, and candour of temper, in a degree too rare amongst us on both sides of the Irish Channel. Further notice we must postpone to our next Number.

The recently-published Number of the *Dublin Review* contains an article on the New-Testament Miracles, which is a sequel to the

paper in a previous No. on the Parables, and is even more interesting than its predecessor. We cannot too strongly recommend its perusal to our Anglican readers, especially a passage on the spiritual state of their own infant children at pp. 319-321. The article is introduced by some valuable remarks on Biblical Studies, urging them upon the attention of all Catholics. In a former number of the *Rambler* we took occasion to lament their comparative neglect amongst us; and attributed the evil in part to that erroneous use of the Holy Scriptures, by which they are chiefly searched for strong texts to be used in controversy with Protestants, to the injury of that loving, meditative study, which is one of the many spiritual privileges which the Catholic alone enjoys. The *Dublin* also contains an excellent article on the subject of the Offertory.

May we put one single question to the kind-hearted author of *Eastern Churches*, which reached us too late for notice in our last? Does he consider himself a second Athanasius? And if not, how does he reconcile it to his *conscience* to re-enact the part of *Athanasius contra Mundum* in his own proper person? Is it within the range of possibilities, that views which are (as far as we know) shared by no other living being, whether Catholic or Protestant, can be true? How is it that E. S. A. does not perceive that a person who lauds the Jesuits and the Church Missionary Society in about equal terms is self-condemned? Setting aside what in any other individual we should call the *hyper-audacity* of the theory contained in this and his previous works, *Eastern Churches* contains a good deal of interesting information, though resting often on very questionable authorities.

The Prayer-Book of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri (Burns) has one remarkable feature. Of thirty-three sets of prayers, nearly the whole have received the sanction of the Holy See, by the attaching of certain Indulgences to their devout use. Some English Catholics—happily a decreasing number—are grievously afraid of what they call *Italian* devotions making their way into this country. They are afraid lest they should breed enthusiasm and superstition; or, worst of all, should irritate Protestants. To those who think them ill adapted for English congregations, we can only suggest a visit to the Oratory, where they are in habitual use; and to those who want prayers, short, fervent, simple, and full of meaning, whether for private or family use, we recommend the purchase of this *too cheap* book of devotions. No collection hitherto published in English has any pretensions to compare with it in the degree of ecclesiastical *authority* by which it is sanctioned.

A Packet of Seeds saved by an Old Gardener (Chapman and Hall) is the quaint title of a clever little story of a shrewd old man's experiences of life. There is a great deal in it equally good both for master and man.

The first part of Mr. Crowe's edition (slightly modified by the editor) of *Wilhem's Method of Teaching Singing* (Burns) is now ready. It is to come much nearer to Wilhem's own work than Hullah's adaptation; and if we may judge from the first part, will be a most useful manual.

The London Prisons, by Hepworth Dixon (Jackson and Walford), contains a very considerable amount of information respecting the gaols and penitentiaries of the metropolis and the chief provincial towns. It is agreeably (though a little too smartly) written; and may be said to be almost indispensable to every one who has to do with the reform or management of criminals under confinement. We do not, of course, pretend to agree in all Mr. Dixon's views, but his book is well worth attention.

Mr. Sharpe's *Rise and Progress of Window Tracery in England* (Van Voorst) is a manual for all Gothic architects. It is the fruit of much study, and is illustrated with a profusion of well-executed woodcuts and steel engravings. A large proportion of the specimens the author has given are most beautiful. The statement of the exact dimensions of the chief examples, adds materially to the value of the book.

We never less regretted the purchase of sixpenny worth of trash, than when we were seduced by the following advertisement to purchase the publication it recommends.

"QUESTIONS OF URGENT NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.—*Are there any Jesuits in England? Who are they? Where are they? What have they been doing? What are they doing? What are they proposing to do? Who can answer these questions? Persons interested in these inquiries are requested to read TRUTH FOR THE TIMES, price Sixpence.*"

We need scarcely say that this puff is an impudent catchpenny; and that *Truth for the Times* no more answers these questions than it tells us how many Jesuits there are in the moon. The first half of the publication also is as dull as dullness, even with its hair standing on end with affright, could make it. But the second half is really one of the funniest things we ever saw. It consists of a correspondence between the author (one "J. H.") and two of the great lights of anti-Jesuitism, viz. Dr. Lindsay Alexander and Mr. Hobart Seymour, in which they abuse one another in immoderate terms, bringing charges of *lying*, and other trifling peccadilloes, truly curious, mixed up as they are with unblushing professions of sanctity and apostleship. With one of Mr. Seymour's opinions, here recorded, we are constrained to express our agreement. He considers that "J. H." is a person with "neither intelligence nor reason." These are thy Gods, O Israel!

The Spicilegium Solesmense.—At the end of our present number will be found the prospectus of another of those great works of the

Benedictine order, of which mention has already been made in our pages. The Benedictines of the Abbey of Solesme, in France, are about to bring out another of those interesting and valuable collections of unpublished works of antiquity, for which their Society already stands pre-eminent in the literary world. The names of Achery, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Martene, and their coadjutors, are held in honour by every student with any pretensions to scholarship. The last great work of this kind, indeed, which has been given to the world, has proceeded from another source. The *Spicilegium* of Cardinal Mai was the fruit of learning, energy, and skill which rivalled the qualifications of the most illustrious Benedictines of St. Maur. Now at length the successors of Mabillon and Montfaucon are in the field, and Dom Pitra, the editor of their proposed work, is at this present time in England, engaged in gathering fresh materials for the publication, and in securing subscribers to defray its expense.

The prospectus in our present number gives an outline of the nature of the publication, together with the contents of the first volume which will appear. Many of the works are of the most extreme rarity, even in ms., and are all (we believe) hitherto unpublished. The treatise of St. Melito is the most ancient of books on Jewish and Christian symbolism extant, and perhaps much more valuable, as well as less fanciful, than that of Durandus. The epistle of St. Dionysius of Alexandria (of the third century) has been placed in Dom Pitra's hands by Dr. Routh, the president of Magdalen College, Oxford, and is from the Bodleian Library. Another portion of great value is the works of Verecundus, Bishop of Janca, and disciple of St. Augustine. For the rest, we must refer our readers to the prospectus itself, premising that the Bodleian is by no means the only English library which has served to enrich the collection with very valuable additions.

The terms of subscription will also be found there detailed, and we shall rejoice to learn that the list of subscribers rapidly enlarges. The Abbey of Solesme, rich in learning, is poor in gold and silver, and therefore the work cannot be accomplished except by the aid of a considerable body of subscribers. If, however, the *first* volume can be brought out, there is more than a probability that the publication of the remainder can be completed at a considerably lower cost, as there are Government and other public printing establishments in France which will lend their aid to the printing so soon as the first volume appears, but not before. The Editor, therefore, is most anxious to induce fifty subscribers to put down their names for the whole series of volumes, and to pay up their subscription *at once*. By this means a sufficient sum will be raised to pay the expenses of the first volume, which in this case would be issued immediately, while the remainder of the series would follow without loss of time, the means for their publication being already ensured. We need scarcely recommend the work to the sympathies and support of the learned in this country. It has a more than ordinary

claim upon them; for it is only by the printing of the mss. that they can be rendered accessible to the student of ecclesiastical antiquity, while the perils of revolution, accident, and decay are every year rendering their continued existence, even in ms., more and more problematical.

Correspondence.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I read your beautiful article in the *Rambler* for last December, on the conversion of England, I have been desirous of adding a few words to that part of it which regarded Ireland; but my time was so much occupied during the last month, that I have not till now been at leisure to do it. Most dear to my heart is the idea of a general movement of the Irish people to effect this great achievement, the conquest of England for the Church of God by spiritual arms, the first of which is prayer. The little address to the Catholics of Ireland, which you inserted in that article, and which I may as well acknowledge as having been written by me, was a feeble expression of this feeling; and my desire now is to give a few explanations on the subject of it. You introduce it with the remark, that you suppose it had the approbation of the Prelates of the Irish Church. I am happy to be able to say that it had; and I take this occasion to express my gratitude for the way in which this approbation was given. But, in doing this, I will try to refer back to some previous circumstances. In the address I say that my thoughts had long been fixed on Ireland, as calculated to be the principal instrument in bringing back England to the Catholic faith: this has been the case in a special manner ever since I had begun to make it my business to beg the prayers of the faithful throughout the world for the conversion of England. And what I know of the Irish character, from my intercourse with them as a priest on the mission in England, made me confident that they would respond warmly to such an appeal. It was, however, not till the year 1842 that I had the much desired opportunity of proposing it to the Irish in their own country. In my summer vacation of that year from St. Mary's College, to which I then belonged, I passed four weeks in Ireland, during which I travelled from Dublin through Carlow, Wexford, Waterford, Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick, Ennis, Galway, Castlebar, Tuam, Longford, Mullingar, Navan, &c. I cannot express the feelings of consolation with which I look back on that most interesting tour. It is one of the brightest, if not the very brightest spot in my past remembrances. I can call to mind, indeed,

some short passages of my life which I must except; but I can remember no period of the same length of time as that of my first Irish tour of such equable unclouded sunshine. I was told by some before I went, that the idea of making such a proposal to a nation was visionary, utopian, unprecedented, and the like. I could not believe it. In regard to this nation I was confident that the reverse was true; and my expectations proved correct, only that the faith, the zeal, the generosity, with which my appeals were responded to, always went beyond all my calculations. And who were those who were specially distinguished for the ardour of charity and zeal with which they answered my call for this sacrifice of heroic generosity towards England? Some may be surprised when I declare who they were. It was those very men who would be regarded generally as the most distinguished for their hostility to England. But as you remarked, in the leading article of the *Rambler* of January, that Protestants do not understand us Catholics, so I say that sometimes Catholics, good and great Catholics too, do not understand others good and noble like themselves. Of that bright five weeks, the brightest was the last, on the first day of which I preached in Tuam cathedral before Archbishop McHale; and not ten times as much as I have seen of his writing since against England would make me doubt of the sincerity of that welcome with which he received me as his guest, or of the truth of sympathy with which he encouraged me in my undertaking, promising to repeat the following Sunday to his people, in their own native Irish, the address which he had heard me make to them in English in favour of my country. This reception at Tuam made me determine not to lose an opportunity of pressing my cause. By the Sunday's post I wrote to the parish priest of Longford, where I was to sleep on the Tuesday, asking for notice to be given that I would address the people on that evening in one of the chapels of the town. In Longford, the Bishop of Ardagh, Dr. Higgins, had commenced the building of a cathedral, the walls of which, at that time about ten feet above the ground, enclosed a space which would hold about four or five thousand. He was at the time confined to his bed with influenza; but hearing of my proposal, he ordered a platform to be erected in this area, sent notices round the country, came out himself to meet me at the risk of his health, and stood by me while I preached to the multitude, who crowded the place and covered the top of the unfinished walls. I had not thought till that evening of going to Mullingar, the cathedral town of Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; and it might, at this time, have seemed impossible to make arrangements for a sermon there, as on the Thursday morning I was engaged to preach at Navan, twenty-seven miles beyond it. But I was encouraged by Bishop Higgins to make the attempt. I wrote, therefore, to Dr. Cantwell that evening, and followed my letter in the morning. I reached Mullingar at three o'clock, intending to proceed on my way if I found no preparations made:—but not at all. Notice had been sent through the country. Though the rain poured in torrents

all that evening, thousands were assembled in the cathedral. A new bell had been lately procured for it; the preparations were hastened all this day, and it rung for the first time to call the people to hear the cause of charity for England pleaded. It was there that an old lady was heard at the close of the sermon to say, as she left the gallery, "Well, then, we must forgive Oliver Cromwell at last." The Bishop urged me most pressingly to stay with him a month, that he might take me in his own carriage to renew my appeal in every parish of the diocese; and, as I was obliged to decline this, he sent me with his horses to Navan in time for my sermon there. Oh, how can I doubt of the truth of what I say in my address, that the Irish heart, if appealed to, cannot resist an impulse of religious generosity? One more practical proof of this. I was called again to Ireland, after six years, in the autumn of 1848, the year of Mr. Smith O'Brien's movement. Humanly speaking, this would have been a bad time for pressing this cause of charity for England. But I knew that the Irish have faith, and that in them human feelings, when most excited, will give way to the call of faith. Never did I see more generous enthusiasm for the cause than in that very year wherever I had the chance to speak or preach. A grand specimen of this was Drogheda. The late Primate, the lamented Dr. Crolly, invited me there to preach a charity sermon for his schools. I asked his leave to join with this subject that of the conversion of England. Oh, how heartily did he answer, "Sir, preach what you like, if only it is not against faith and good morals." The church was crowded with the choice of the Catholic population and a number of respectable Protestants. I felt that if either of these classes were displeased with the sermon, and this were felt in the collection, I should justly displease the Primate, and that was far from my intention; but I thought I knew the people, and I went on bold and free. The collection was a famous one, 120*l.*; all were satisfied; and the Primate told me the next day that he had made inquiries, and ascertained that the Protestants had taken no sort of offence, and he assured me that I might safely go on; I should offend no one in the way I spoke on the subject. Oh, that the judgment of this experienced and wise Prelate might finally overrule the alarm, which some yet will entertain, that we shall offend the Protestants by praying for them. No such thing! Irish Protestants are not offended, much less will English.

But how did the Catholics of Drogheda like the sermon? I think the token they gave in its favour is a strong one to English feelings at least, who can understand paying well when one is pleased, but not otherwise. I was begging at that time for Aston. I did not hint at this till the collection for the schools was finished; then I asked the Primate if I might go among the Catholics for my object. With the same hearty cordiality he consented; and before Monday night—the very day, observe, after the Sunday of their own great collection—I had received 25*l.*

I stated some of these facts, soon after, to the Right Rev. Dr.

Briggs, under whose sanction it was that I wrote my little address at York in December 1848. He requested the excellent ladies of the Bar Convent to make sufficient copies for all the Bishops of Ireland, and enclosed one to each, with a letter from himself, requesting to know whether they would approve of their distribution. The answers were, without exception, favourable. Among them I will mention, as peculiarly encouraging, that from Dr. Maginn, the late lamented Bishop of Derry, which I have in my possession. I might say much more, which to me seems beautiful on Ireland, as connected with this great subject of the conversion of England: but perhaps what I have said already is enough, and too much for the taste of others, and so I conclude. Humbly but earnestly entreating the Catholics of England to join in pressing the Irish, all and each, men, women, and children, into the cause,

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

IGNATIUS OF S. PAUL, PASSIONIST.

Retreat of the Annunciation, Woodchester, Jan. 8, 1850.

P.S.—If any would kindly assist in distributing the little address, they may be had, for a trifling cost, at the Catholic Depository, 23 Essex Quay, Dublin; of Mr. Peter Noonan, 7 Warren Street, Liverpool; or of Burns, Portman Street, London, who has printed some thousands on larger sheets and cards to be posted up in houses. I wish every Irish house might have one. I had the first 20,000 printed from a fund on which I may draw small sums for this purpose. I now wish to be enabled, by selling a proportion, to continue the distribution, at home and abroad, wherever the Irish are found. I trust I may venture to say the address to the Irish will be approved by our Prelates in England as well as in Ireland. I have not had the opportunity of speaking on the subject to many of them, but I have already remarked that it was written under the direction of the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs; and Bishop Wiseman has also given his sanction to it in the most distinct manner by granting indulgences to the devotion principally recommended. I am most happy to be permitted to announce, that he has granted an indulgence of forty days to each of the faithful in the London District who will repeat the Hail Mary for the conversion of England, to be gained once in every day; and another like indulgence of forty days, to be gained once a-day by each of the faithful who exerts himself in any way to spread this devotion of prayer for the conversion of England. Indulgences in this form have already been given by at least two Bishops on the Continent, viz. the Bishops of Liège and of Amiens; and I hope many more will soon follow the example.

Ecclesiastical Register.

ENCYCLIC OF PIUS IX. TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF ITALY.

HIS Holiness has issued an Encyclical Letter to the Prelates of Italy, on the present posture of affairs in that country and elsewhere, which we much regret that want of space prevents us from giving entire. A few paragraphs only of minor importance are omitted.

Venerable Brothers,—

Health and Apostolical Benediction.

You know and you see, like ourselves, Venerable Brothers, by what perversity in these last times have prevailed certain abandoned men, enemies of all truth, of all justice, of all honesty, who, whether by fraud and artifices of every description, or openly, and casting the dregs of their confusions like a raging sea its foam, are striving to spread in all directions among the faithful people of Italy, unrestrained licentiousness of thought and word, and of all daring and impious actions, to ruin even in Italy the Catholic religion, and, if that could ever be, to overturn it even to its foundations. The whole plan of their diabolical design hath shewn itself in divers places, but especially in the well-beloved city the seat of our supreme pontificate, where, after having constrained us to quit it, they have been able for some months to abandon themselves the more freely to all their madness. Then in the midst of a frightful and sacrilegious confusion of things divine and things human, their rage ascended to such a point that, despising the authority of the illustrious clergy of Rome, and of the Prelates, who by our order remained fearlessly at its head, they did not suffer them even to continue in fear the sacred work of their ministry, and that, without pity for the wretched sick folk, a prey to the anguish of death, they removed from them all the succours of religion, and constrained them to yield up their last sigh amid the blandishments of some wanton harlot.

Although since then the city of Rome and the other provinces of the Pontifical States have been, thanks to the mercy of God, restored by the arms of the Catholic nations to our temporal government; although the wars and disorders which attended these events have in like manner ceased in the other countries of Italy; still these infamous enemies of God and man have not ceased, and cease not, their work of destruction. They can no longer employ open force, but they have recourse to other means,—some hidden under deceitful appearances, others visible to every eye. Surrounded by such great difficulties, holding the supreme charge of all the Lord's flock, and filled with the most lively affliction at the sight of the perils to which the Churches of Italy are particularly exposed, it is for our infirmity, Venerable Brothers, in the midst of sorrows, a great consolation to behold that pastoral zeal of which, during the tempest that has just passed, you have given so many proofs, and which manifests itself yet daily by more and more striking proofs. However, the gravity of the occasion presses on us to rouse still more earnestly, by our word and our exhortations, according to the duty of our apostolic charge, your fraternity,—called to share our solitudes, to fight with us, and in unity, the battles of the Lord, to prepare and to adopt with a single heart all the measures by which, with God's bless-

ing, the evil already done in Italy to our holy religion shall be repaired, and the perils with which it is immediately threatened shall be prevented and repelled.

Among the numberless frauds which the aforesaid enemies of the Church are in the habit of using to render the Catholic faith odious to the Italians, one of the most perfidious is that opinion which they do not blush to affirm and to noise abroad every where, that the Catholic religion is an obstacle to the glory, the greatness, and proficiency of the Italian nation; and that consequently, in order to restore to Italy the splendour of the ancient times—that is to say, of the Pagan times—it is necessary to substitute, in the place of the Catholic religion, to insinuate, to propagate, and to set afoot the teaching of the Protestants and their conventicles. One knows not, in such assertions, which is the most detestable—the perfidy of their word or the impudence of their shameless falsehood.

The spiritual good whereby, being withdrawn from the power of darkness, we are transported into the light of God, whereby, grace justifying us, we are made heirs of Christ in the hope of eternal life—this good of souls, emanating from the holiness of the Catholic religion, is certainly of such a price that, compared with this good, all the glory and all the happiness of this world ought to be regarded as a mere nothing. *Quid enim prodest homini, si mundum universum meretur, animæ vero suæ detrimentum patiatur? aut quam dabit homo commutationem pro animâ suâ?** But far from the profession of the true faith having caused to the Italian race the temporal losses which have been spoken of, it is owing to the Catholic religion that they did not fall, at the breaking up of the Roman empire, into the same ruin as did the nations of Assyria, Chaldaea, Media, Persia, and Macedonia. No educated man, in fact, is ignorant that not only did the most holy religion of Christ rescue Italy from the clouds of those many and great errors that entirely overspread it, but that furthermore, in the midst of the ruin of the ancient empire and the invasions of the barbarians ravaging all Europe, we raised her in glory and greatness above all the nations of the world, in such wise that, by a singular benefit of God, Italy, possessing in her bosom the sacred chair of Peter, has held, by divine religion, an empire more solid and more extensive than her old earthly dominion.

This singular privilege of possessing the Apostolic See, and of beholding by that very means the Catholic religion taking the strongest root among the people of Italy, has been for that country the source of other and innumerable benefits; for the most holy religion of Christ, the mistress of true wisdom, the avenging protectress of humanity, the fertile mother of all virtues, turned aside the minds of the Italians from that mournful thirst of glory which had led their ancestors to be perpetually making war, to hold foreign nations under oppression, to reduce, according to the rights of war then prevalent, an immense multitude of men into the hardest slavery, and, at the same time, illuminating the Italians with the rays of Catholic truth, she led them by a powerful impulse to the practice of justice and of mercy, to the most splendid works of piety towards God and of beneficence towards mankind. Hence arose in the principal cities of Italy so many holy basilicas and other monuments of the Christian ages, which were not the mournful work of a multitude reduced to slavery, but which were freely raised by the zeal of a vivifying charity; to which must be added the pious institutions of every description, whether consecrated to the exercises of the religious life, or to the education of youth, to literature, to arts, to the sound cul-

* Matt. xvi. 26.

tivation of the sciences, or, lastly, to the consolation of the sick and indigent.

Such, then, is that holy religion, which embraces, under so many divers titles, the salvation, the glory, and the happiness of Italy; that religion which they would desire to make the people of Italy throw aside. We cannot restrain our tears, Venerable Brothers, when we see that there are to be found at this day some Italians perverse enough, abandoned enough to miserable illusions, as not to dread applauding the depraved doctrines of the impious, and conspiring with them for the ruin of Italy.

But you are not ignorant, Venerable Brothers, that the principal authors of this detestable conspiracy have for their object to drive the people, agitated by every wind of perverse doctrine, to the overthrow of all order in human affairs, and to deliver them up to the criminal systems of the newly-invented Socialism and Communism. Now, these men know and see, by the long experience of many ages, that they cannot hope for any approval from the Catholic Church, which, in the keeping of the deposit of the Divine revelation, never allows any thing to be retrenched from, or to be added to, the truths propounded by the faith.

Therefore have they formed the design of attracting the Italian peoples to the opinions and to the conventicles of the Protestants, in which—so they incessantly repeat, in order to seduce them—one ought to see nothing else but a different form of the same true Christian religion, where one can please God as well as in the Catholic Church. Meanwhile, they know that nothing can be more useful to their impious cause than the first principle of the Protestant opinions, the principle of the free interpretation of the sacred Scriptures according to the private judgment of each individual. They are confident that, after having first abused the false interpretation of the sacred writings to spread their errors, they will the more easily—as if in the name of God—drive men onwards, puffed up with the proud license of judging on Divine subjects, to call in question even the common principles of justice and virtue.

God forbid, Venerable Brothers, that that Italy, whence the other nations have been accustomed to draw the pure waters of sound doctrine, because the Apostolic See has been established at Rome, become for them henceforth a stone of stumbling and of scandal! God forbid that this cherished portion of the Lord's vineyard be given over for a prey to wild beasts! God forbid that the Italian people, having drunk madness from the poisoned cup of Babylon, should take up parricidal arms against the Mother Church! As for us and you, whom God, in his secret judgment, has reserved for these times of so great danger, take we care not to fear the stratagems and attacks of those men who conspire against the faith of Italy, as if we had to conquer them by our own strength, since Christ is our counsel and our strength—Christ, without whom we can do nothing, but by whom we can do every thing.* Labour, therefore, Venerable Brothers,—watch with still greater vigilance over the flock which is entrusted to you, and use all your efforts to defend it from the ambushes and the attacks of ravening wolves. Communicate to each other your designs; continue, as you have already begun, to hold meetings between yourselves, to the end that, having discovered by a united investigation the origin of our evils, and, according to the diversity of places, the principal sources of the dangers, you may be able therein to discover, under the authority and guidance of the Holy See, the most prompt remedies; and that so, unanimously agreeing

* St. Leo the Great, Ep. ad Rusticum, Narbon.

with us, you may, by God's help, and with all the vigour of the pastoral zeal, apply your cares and labours to render vain all the efforts, all the artifices, all the snares, and all the machinations of the enemies of the Church.

To arrive at this end, we must labour without ceasing, lest the people, too little instructed in the law of the Lord, deadened by the long license of their vices, but faintly perceive the snares which are being spread for them, and the wickedness of the errors which are proposed to them. We earnestly require of your pastoral zeal, Venerable Brothers, never to cease applying all your pains in order that the faithful who are entrusted to you may be instructed, according to the intelligence of each, in the most holy dogmas and precepts of our religion, and that they may be at the same time warned and excited by all means to conform thereunto their life and manners. Influence for that end the zeal of the ecclesiastics, of those of them especially that have the cure of souls, in order that, meditating profoundly on the ministry which they have received in the Lord, and having before their eyes the prescriptions of the Council of Trent,* they may devote themselves with the greatest activity, according as the necessity of the times requires, to the instruction of the people, and may apply themselves to engrave in the hearts of all the sacred words, the counsels of salvation; making them know, by brief and simple discourses, the vices which they ought to fly in order to avoid eternal pain, the virtues which they ought to seek in order to obtain celestial glory.

It is necessary to take care in an especial manner that the faithful themselves may have profoundly engraven upon their souls the dogma of our most holy religion, on the necessity of the Catholic faith for the obtaining of salvation.† For that end it will be of sovereign utility, that in the public prayers the faithful, united with the clergy, render from time to time particular acts of thanksgiving to God for the inestimable benefit of the Catholic religion, that they all of them hold fast to his infinite goodness, and that they beseech humbly the Father of mercies to deign to protect and preserve inviolate in our countries the profession of the same religion.

You will, however, especially take care to administer to all the faithful, at a convenient time, the sacrament of Confirmation, which, by a sovereign benefit of God, imparts the strength of a particular grace to confess with constancy the Catholic faith, even in the midst of the gravest perils. Nor are you ignorant that it is useful, for the same object, that the faithful, purified from the stains of their sins, expiated by a sincere detestation of them and by the sacrament of Penance, frequently receive with devotion the most holy Eucharist, which is the spiritual nourishment of souls, the antidote which delivers us from daily faults and preserves us from mortal sins, the symbol of that only body of which Christ is the head, and to which He has willed that we should be attached by that strong tie of faith, hope, and charity, so that we may be all that one body, and that there may be no schisms among us.‡

We doubt not but that the curés, their vicars, and the other priests, who on certain days, and especially at the season of fast, devote themselves to the ministry of preaching, will be eager to afford you their co-operation in all these things. However, it is necessary from time to

* Sess. v. cap. 2. Sess. xxiv. cap. 4 et 7, de Ref.

† This dogma, received from Jesus Christ, and taught by the Fathers and the Councils, is found also in the formulas of Profession of Faith, whether those in use among the Latins, or among the Greeks, or among the other Catholics of the East.

‡ Conc. Tr. Sess. xiii. Decr. de SS. Euchar. Sacramento. Cap. 2.

time to assist their efforts by the extraordinary aids of spiritual exercises and holy missions, which, when they are confided to capable men, are, with the blessing of God, very useful to warm the piety of the good, to excite to a salutary penance sinners and men depraved by long habits of vice, to make the faithful people believe in the knowledge of God, to make them produce all sorts of good works, and, fortifying them with the abundant succour of celestial grace, to inspire into them an invincible horror of the perverse doctrines of the enemies of the Church.

For the rest, in all these things your pains and those of your priests, your fellow-workers, will be directed particularly to make the faithful conceive the greatest horror for those crimes which are committed to the great scandal of their neighbour. For you know how, in divers places, has multiplied the number of those who dare publicly to blaspheme the Saints of heaven, and even the most holy name of God; or who are known as living in concubinage, and sometimes joining incest thereto; or who on holidays devote themselves to servile works, their shops being open; or who, in the presence of Mary, despise the precepts of fasting and abstinence; or who do not blush in the same manner to commit divers other crimes. God grant that, at the voice of pure zeal, the faithful people may represent to themselves and seriously consider the enormous gravity of sins of this kind, and the most severe pains with which their authors shall be punished, as well for the special criminality of each act as for the spiritual danger which they make their brethren incur by the contagion of their bad example. It is written, *Vae mundo à scandalis. Vae homini illi per quem scandalum venit.**

Among the divers kinds of frauds by which the most crafty enemies of the Church and of human society strive to lead the people astray, that certainly stands among the foremost which they had prepared long ago in their nefarious designs, and which they have discovered in the wicked use of the new system of book-making (*novæ artis librariæ*). To this, therefore, they direct all their attention, that they may never cease publishing among the vulgar, and multiplying, impious pamphlets, journals, and fly-sheets, full of falsehood, calumnies, and seductions. Nay, using even the assistance of the Bible Societies, which have been long ago condemned by this holy See,† they do not fear to scatter abroad the sacred Scriptures, translated, contrary to the rules of the Church,‡ into the vulgar tongue, and so corrupted, and by a detestable daring distorted to a false sense, and under the pretence of religion to recommend the reading thereof to the people. Hence, according to your wisdom, Venerable Brothers, you very well understand with how great vigilance and solicitude you must labour in order that your faithful flocks may abhor the pestiferous reading of those books; and that particularly in regard to the sacred Scriptures they may remember that no man may so arrogate to himself, as, resting on his own prudence, to presume to distort them to his own sense, contrary to the sense in which holy Mother Church has held and doth hold them; to whom, indeed,

* Matt. xviii. 7.

† There are extant on this subject, besides other preceding decrees, an Encyclic Letter of Gregory XVI., dated 8th May, 1844, which begins, *Inter precipuas machinationes*,—the sanctions of which we also have inculcated in an Encyclic Letter, dated Nov. 9th, 1846.

‡ See Rule 4 of those drawn up by chosen Fathers at the Council of Trent, and approved by Pius IX. in the Constitution *Dominici gregis*, March 24th, 1564, and an addition made to the same by the Congregation of the Index, by authority of Benedict XIV., June 17, 1757 (all which matters are usually prefixed to the Index of Prohibited Books).

alone has it been commanded by Christ the Lord that she keep the deposit of the faith, and judge concerning the true sense and interpretation of the divine oracles.

But to restrain the contagion of wicked books,* it will be highly useful, Venerable Brothers, that whoever about you are men of distinguished and sound learning should put forth other writings also of small bulk, first of all, of course, approved of by you, unto the edification of the faith and the salutary instruction of the people. And it will be thenceforward your care that the same writings, as also other books, in like manner of incorrupt doctrine and approved utility, written by others, be circulated among the faithful, according as the circumstances of places and persons shall suggest.

But all who labour with you for the defence of the faith will have especially an eye to this, that they confirm, defend, and deeply fix in the minds of your faithful people that piety, veneration, and respect towards this supreme See of Peter, in which you, Venerable Brothers, so greatly excel. Let the faithful people remember that there here lives and presides, in the person of his successors, Peter, the Prince of the Apostles,† whose dignity faileth not even in his unworthy heir.‡ Let them remember that Christ the Lord hath placed in this chair of Peter the unshaken foundation of his Church,§ and that He gives to Peter himself the keys of the kingdom of heaven,|| and that He prayed therefore that his faith might fail not, and commanded him to confirm his brethren therein;¶ so that the successor of St. Peter holds the primacy over the whole world, and is the true Vicar of Christ and Head of the whole Church, and Father and Doctor of all Christians.**

And it is assuredly in the maintenance of this communion of the nations with the Roman Pontiff, and of their obedience to him, that a short and compendious road is found to preserve them in the possession of the Catholic faith. For neither is it possible that any one should ever in any point whatever rebel against the Catholic faith, except he also throw aside the authority of the Roman Church, in which is extant the unchangeable dictation (*informabile magisterium*) of the same faith founded by the Divine Redeemer, and in which, therefore, has always been preserved that tradition which is derived from the Apostles. Hence it is that not only the ancient heretics, but even the Protestants, whose disunion in the rest of their principles is otherwise so great, have had this always in common, that they attacked the authority of the Apostolic See, which never at any time, or by any art or endeavour, have they been able to persuade to allow of even so much as one of their errors. Wherefore, also, the enemies of God and of human society at this day leave nothing unattempted to tear away the Italian people from their obedience to us and to that same Holy See; supposing, of course, that then, and then only, may they possibly succeed in contaminating Italy itself with the impiety of their doctrine and new systems.

And as regards these wicked doctrines and systems, it is now known to all men that they chiefly have an eye to this, that, abusing the name of liberty and equality, they may insinuate the ruinous inventions of Communism and Socialism among the common people. But it is evident that the masters of Communism or Socialism themselves, though

* See Conc. Hist. Sess. iv. in Decret. de Editione et usu Sacrorum Librorum.

† Ex actis Ephesini Concilii, Art. iii. et S. Petro Chrysologo Epist. ad Eutychen.

‡ Leo M. Serm. in Anniv. Assumpt. sue.

§ V. Matt. xvi. 18.

|| Ibid. v. 19.

¶ Luke xxii. 31, 32.

** Ex Conc. œcumenico Florentino in Def. seu. Decr. Unionis.

acting by different ways and methods, have at least this design in common, that, after having deceived the working classes and others, chiefly of the lower ranks, by their fallacies, and deluded them with the promise of a happier condition, they may agitate them with continual commotions, and train them, by degrees, for greater crimes, in order that hereafter they may be able to use their assistance to attack the rule of every superior authority, to rob, sack, or invade the possessions, first of the Church, and afterwards those of all others whomsoever; to violate, in fine, all divine and human laws, unto the destruction of the Divine worship, and the subversion of all the order of civil societies. In this extreme danger of Italy, it is your office, Venerable Brothers, to strain every nerve of pastoral zeal, that the faithful people may perceive that such like perverse principles and systems, if they allow themselves to be deceived by them, will end alike in their temporal and eternal ruin.

Let, therefore, the Faithful entrusted to your care be admonished, that it pertains to the very nature of human society, that all ought to obey the authority legitimately constituted in it, and that nothing can be changed in the precepts of the Lord which are proclaimed in the sacred Scriptures on that subject; for it is written: "Subjecti estote omni humanæ creaturæ propter Deum, sive Regi, quasi præcellenti, sive ducibus, tanquam ab eo missis ad vindictam malefactorum, laudem verò bonorum; quia sic est voluntas Dei, ut beneficientes obmutescere faciatis imprudentium hominum ignorantiam: quasi liberi, et non quasi velamen habentes malitiæ libertatem, sed sicut servi Dei."* And again: "Omnis anima potestatibus sublimioribus subdita sit: non est enim potestas nisi à Deo: quæ autem sunt, à Deo ordinatæ sunt: itaque qui resistit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit: qui autem resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt."†

Let them know, moreover, that in like manner it belongs to the natural and therefore unchangeable condition of human affairs, that even among those who are not in high authority, still some prevail over others, whether on account of different endowments of soul or body, or on account of riches and external goods of that kind: nor by any pretence of liberty and equality can it ever come to pass that it be lawful to attack, or in any way whatsoever to violate, the possessions or the rights of others. Under this head also do we find Divine precepts every where inculcated in holy Scripture, whereby we are strictly prohibited, not merely from seizing the property of others, but even from coveting it.‡

But if the same faithful, despising the fatherly admonitions of their pastors and the above-mentioned commands of the Christian law, allow themselves to be deceived by the aforesaid promoters of the conspiracies of the day, and choose to plot with them for the perverse systems of Socialism and Communism, let them know and seriously consider that they are treasuring up unto themselves with the Divine Judge treasures of vengeance against the day of anger; nor that any temporal utility can in the mean time arise to the people from that conspiracy, but rather new increase of miseries and calamities. For it is not given unto man to found new societies and communities opposed to the natural condition of human affairs; and therefore, if such conspiracies were spread throughout Italy, no other issue could come of them than that the existing state of human affairs having been shaken and overthrown to its foundation, by mutual attacks of citizens against citizens, by usurpations and slaugh-

* 1 Peter ii. 13, sq.

† Rom. xiii. 1, sq.

‡ Exod. xx. 15, 17; Deut. v. 19, 21.

ters, some few men at length, enriched by the spoils of many, should snatch the supreme dominion in the midst of the general ruin. * * *

The Church of God draws from monasteries, when they are well conducted, an immense utility and a great glory, and the regular clergy afford to yourselves, in your labours for the health of souls, a precious succour, which is the reason, Venerable Brothers, why we desire you first of all to assure, on our part, the religious families of each of your dioceses, that in the midst of such great sorrow we have in a special manner felt the evils which several of them have had to suffer in these bad times, and that the courageous patience, the constancy in the love of virtue and of their religion, of which a great number of Religious have given the example, has been to us a source of consolation so much the more lively, because we have seen others of them, forgetting the sanctity of their profession, to the great scandal of good people, and filling with bitterness our heart and the hearts of their brethren, shamefully go astray. In the second place, you will exhort in our name the chiefs of those religious families, and, when necessary, the superiors who are administering them, to neglect none of the duties of their charge, in order to render regular discipline, where it is maintained, more and more vigorous and flourishing, and to re-establish it in all its integrity and all its force, wherever it may have received some diminution. Those superiors will unceasingly, both by admonitions, representations, and reproaches, remind the Religious of their houses that they ought seriously to consider by what vows they are bound towards God; to apply themselves to keep what they have promised to Him; to observe inviolably the rules of their institute; to abstain from all that is not compatible with their vocation; to give themselves up wholly to the works which comprise charity towards God and our neighbours, and the love of perfect virtue. On all these subjects let the rulers of those Orders vigilantly take care that the entrance to them be not opened to any person except after a profound and scrupulous examination of his life, his manners, and his character; and that no person be admitted therein to the religious profession, except after having given, in a novitiate made according to the rules, proofs of a true vocation, in such wise that one may have good reason to presume that the novice does not embrace the religious life except to live unto God alone, and to labour, according to the rule of his institute, for his own salvation and that of his neighbour. On this point, we desire and intend the observation of all that was commanded and prescribed for the good of religious families in the Decrees published on January 25th of last year, by our Congregation, on the state of the Regulars,—Decrees clothed with the sanction of our apostolical authority.

After having thus spoken to you of the regular clergy, we desire to recommend to your fraternity the instruction and education of clerks minors; for the Church can have little hope of finding worthy ministers except among those who from their youth and their first age have been, according to the prescribed rules, formed unto that holy ministry. Continue, then, Venerable Brothers, to use all your resources—to put forth all your efforts, in order that the recruits of the sacred soldiery may be as much as possible received in the ecclesiastical seminaries from their earliest years, and that, ranged around the tabernacle of the Lord, they may grow and increase, like a new plantation, in innocence of life, religion, mode-ty, the ecclesiastical spirit; learning at the same time from chosen masters—whose teaching shall be fully exempt from all danger of error—letters, the elementary and higher sciences, but above all, sacred letters and sciences.

But as you will not be able, without difficulty, to complete the education of all the clerks minors in the seminaries, and as assuredly the younger portion of the laity ought besides to be also the object of your pastoral solicitude, watch equally, Venerable Brothers, on all the other schools, public and private, and as much as in you lies, employ your influence and use your efforts, in order that in those schools the studies may be in all respects conformable to the rule of Catholic doctrine, and that the youth assembled therein, receiving instructions in letters, arts, and sciences, may have none but masters irreproachable in respect to religion and manners, who, teaching them also true virtue, may place them in a position of perceiving the snares set by the impious, of avoiding their miserable errors, and of serving usefully and honourably Christian society and civil society.

It is for this reason that you will claim the principal authority—an authority wholly unfettered—over the professors of the various branches of sacred study, and over all things which belong to religion, or which touch upon it nearly. Be vigilant that in nothing, and for the sake of nothing, but above all in nothing that touches the affairs of religion, any books are used in the schools except those which are free from every suspicion of error. Warn those who have the charge of souls to be your vigilant co-operators in all that concerns the schools of children and of youth of the first age. Let not the schools be confided to any but masters and mistresses of approved virtue; and in order to teach the elements of the Christian faith to infants, whether boys or girls, let such books only be used as are approved of by the Holy See. On this point we cannot doubt but that the curés will be the first to give the example, and that, urged by your incessant exhortations, they will apply themselves every day more and more to instruct infants in the elements of Christian doctrine, remembering that that is one of the gravest duties of the charge with which they are entrusted.* You ought in like manner to recal to them that, in their instructions, whether addressed to children or to the people, they should never lose sight of the Roman Catechism, published conformably to the Decrees of the Council of Trent, by order of Pope Pius V., our predecessor of immortal memory, and recommended to all pastors of souls by other sovereign Pontiffs—for example, by Clement XIII., as “a means, of all others the most proper, to repel the deceits of perverse opinions, to propagate and to establish, in a solid manner, true and sound doctrines.”† * * *

It is, then, our duty and yours, Venerable Brothers, not to recoil before any labour; to face all difficulties, to employ all the force of our pastoral zeal to protect among the Italian people the worship of the Catholic religion, not only by opposing ourselves energetically to the efforts of the impious who are carrying on the conspiracy of tearing Italy herself from the bosom of the Church, but still more in labouring mightily to recal into the way of salvation those degenerate sons of Italy who have already had the weakness to allow themselves to be led astray.

But every excellent good, and every perfect gift, comes from above; let us, therefore, approach with confidence to the throne of grace, Venerable Brothers; let us not cease to pray with supplication, to beseech by public and private prayers the Heavenly Father of lights and mercies, that by the merits of his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, turning his face from our sins, He may enlighten in his clemency all spirits and

* Concil. Trid. Sess. xxiv. c. 4, Benedict. XIV. Constitution; *Etsi minimè* of Feb. 7th, 1742.

† Encyclic to all the Bishops, of June 14, 1761.

all hearts by the virtue of his grace ; that subduing rebellious wills, He may glorify Holy Church with new victories and new triumphs, and that in all Italy, and in every land, the people which serve Him may increase in number and in merit. Let us also invoke the most holy Mother of God, the immaculate Virgin Mary, who by her all-powerful patronage with God, obtaining all whatsoever she asks, cannot ask in vain. Let us invoke with her Peter, the prince of the Apostles, Paul, his brother in the apostolate, and all the saints of heaven, that God most merciful, appeased by their prayers, may turn from the faithful people the scourges of his anger, and accord, in his goodness, unto all those who bear the name of Christians, power by his grace, both to reject whatever is contrary to the holiness of that name, and to practise whatever is conformable thereunto.

Lastly, Venerable Brothers, in testimony of our lively affection towards you, receive the Apostolical benediction, which from the bottom of our heart we lovingly impart both to you and to the clergy, and to the faithful lay people entrusted to your vigilance.

*Datum Neapoli in Suburbano Portici die viii. Decembris anni 1849,
Pontificatus nostri an. iv.*

PIUS P.P. IX.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE BISHOP OF LA ROCHELLE AND THE REV. FATHER NEWMAN, ON
THE "ESSAY ON DEVELOPMENT."

WHEN the translation of Father Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" first appeared, the Bishop of La Rochelle, whose diocese contains a considerable number of Protestants, gave the kindest reception to this remarkable work. The learned and venerable Prelate, not satisfied with publishing his opinion on the book, wrote also a letter to the author, expressive of his admiration and joy, and also of the hopes he entertained in consequence of his conversion. This letter, which, although written two years ago, has only just been published, will doubtless be read with interest.

La Rochelle, January 29, 1848.

MY REVEREND FATHER,—How soothing and satisfactory it is to me to give you this title, which tells of the progress you have made in the ways of perfection, and of that which it will be your duty still to achieve for the welfare of your soul and of the souls of your brethren!

I congratulate you on your obedience to the calls of divine grace, and that you have "not taken counsel with flesh and blood" (Gal. i. 16). I congratulate my holy Mother the Church for having obtained such a victory. I congratulate those upright minds whom your example and your preaching will, I am confident, bring back in great numbers to the bosom of truth. While yet you were afar off, while yet at times you appeared to wage war against her, so to say, this heaven-born Truth followed you still with holy yearnings; she loved you; she grew insensibly upon your heart and upon your mind; she invited you, by her side and under her banner, to fight the battles of the Lord. When, in the silence of your study, you interrogated the traditions of Christian antiquity up to the cradle of the Church, when you searched into your

vast stores of erudition, you did not allow yourself to be led away by the seductions of the "knowledge that puffeth up;" you were guided by "the charity that edifieth;" and, as one of the old Fathers has it, "in Saviour is never complete except with his Church, from which He never books you sought Jesus Christ." You have found Him; this divine separates Himself, and which never separates herself from Him, who is the sovereign truth, as she is the "pillar and foundation of truth." He presented to you this "glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle;" and He invited you powerfully to become unto her a docile and obedient child. This you have done. You belong entirely to Jesus Christ and to his Church. Earth rejoices at the tidings; the angels have leapt with joy; the powers of hell have trembled, foreseeing what is to come from this glad event.

When I first took up the learned work in which you explain the motives which made you decide on returning to the centre of unity, I laboured, I will not conceal it from you, under a twofold apprehension. My first fear was, lest the depth of your thought might put your work somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary minds; in the next place, I was afraid of meeting in it, oftener than I wished, such remains of the old prejudices in which you had been brought up as might tend to beget, in the minds of your readers, rather a feeling of uncertainty as to the completeness of our faith than sympathy and attachment to the faith itself. So delicate a matter is the faith, and so adverse to the slightest admixture of error! And now to be candid: it must be owned that your book is adapted to men of learning—to thinking men, and to few others; true also it is, that the more the reader proceeds with the interesting perusal, the more do obscurities vanish, so that he is richly repaid for the attention he has given to the premisses by the consolations with which their consequences abound. Then he runs over, with no less ease than delight, these profound and beautiful pages, each line of which is a fresh homage to truth.

With respect to the second apprehension, "I had fear where no fear had place;" or at least I had carried my misgivings too far. I found in your language such a tone of honesty as shews that you will never have to be ashamed of what you have put forward. Some points, however, there are, which I should think might gain by further explanation in the sense laid down by our doctors. I would draw your attention to page 413 of Mr. Gondon's translation, in which you say, "that the practice of primitive times seems to have been, that the remission of grievous sins could only take place once." It is not necessary to quote to a learned writer like yourself the many authorities which we may bring forward from Scripture and Church history, to shew how sins were forgiven again and again, even should the offence be committed, as our Lord says, seventy times seven times; making it evident that it was not in vain that Jesus Christ conferred upon his Apostles the power of forgiving all manner of sins at all times, no matter their number or their enormity, were they even as multiplied as those of the young man about whom the beloved Apostle was so solicitous. This young man, who had derived so little benefit from baptism, merited, nevertheless, by the sincerity of his repentance and avowal, to be absolved by St. John from his sins of debauchery, theft, and murder. What, again, more scandalous than the conduct of the incestuous Corinthian, who, nevertheless, after excommunication, was reconciled to God by the authority of the great Apostle. For, "if we confess our sins," says St. John, "God is faithful and just," and He is pledged to pardon all sins which are confessed with the requisite dispositions. I will not here quote Denis de St. Marthe, or the

learned Scheffinacher, who has abridged, in his fourth Letter, what a great number of theologians have laid down more at length. You know what the learned Bellarmine, among others, has written upon this matter (*Contror. t. iii. ; De Pœnit. l. 3*). I will also pass over the expression of bread and wine, which you sometimes make use of in speaking of the consecrated species in the holy Eucharist, the context, however, clearly shewing that in employing this incorrect expression, it is far from your intention in the least degree to weaken the doctrine of transubstantiation. The only reason I allude to this expression is, that no one may imagine that a Bishop of the Church has passed it by unconcerned. I cannot forget that, at the time you wrote this work, you were still reported as belonging to the Anglican Church. On this account I abstain from making some other observations to which your work might give rise.

For the rest, there is manifest in all your writings an upright loyal mind, earnestly seeking the truth, which in such a case cannot fail to manifest itself. The proof of this is what you have done; not a moment have you been stopped by the thought of all that you were to sacrifice upon entering into the holy Roman Church. Your lofty, noble, and disinterested nature has taken its flight far above the things of earth. This sublimity shines out in every part of your writings. Your glance is that of the eagle; your views are invariably vast and heaven-born, no less in their conclusions than in their first principles.

You were, in your heart, a child of the Church when you began to write; for truly by your honesty and high religious feelings were you of the number of those for whom the royal prophet besought God, saying, "Extend thy mercy to them that know Thee, and thy justice to them that are right of heart;" and thus indeed "is light risen to the just, and joy to the right of heart."

Any person who reads your book attentively cannot but be struck by the manner in which God's grace pursued you. It did not waylay you, like as it did Saul going to Damascus; it seemed but to whisper to you, "Behold, I stand at the gate and knock." Eagerly did you open wide the gates of your heart, and with joy did you receive grace. Hand in hand with it came truth, its inseparable companion, and never until that day had you seen it so bright and comely, for it was fitting it should so appear to you as the reward of your long seeking. From this very seeking, it was quite plain that you were not the man of a mere system, without any aim but that of furthering the spread of your own conceptions; for you were not unmindful of the great Apostle's sentence against the heretic, "that is subverted, being condemned by his own judgment" (*Tit. iii. 11*).

My astonishment would not, however, be great, should your wonderful essay meet with opponents; it is not to be expected that it should be approved by persons with whom your return to the Church finds no mercy. Be that as it may, my surprise would be great indeed were any adversary to dare attempt refutation, or put his shoulder against an Atlas which would not fail to crush him. The most venturesome of disputants would shrink from the task, however tempting the proffered reward. Vain was it that Prussia pledged itself to be generous towards the author who should succeed in refuting Mohler's *Symbolik*.

I say it again, my Reverend Father, you were a Catholic at heart even before you belonged to the body of the Church; and if previous to writing the work I have now in view, you sometimes made use of expressions which the delicacy of Roman orthodoxy cannot admit, we may now excuse, with greater freedom, these indications of early prejudice,

inasmuch as no sooner were you enlightened by truth than you nobly redeemed the blemish by a disavowal which made us in a manner consider it as a "happy fault."

Those persons whom you have offended by the step you have taken will at least not have it in their power to accuse you of having taken it blindly: your great talents and solid learning are well known to them: they know that, however well skilled you may be in the different sciences, religion was ever the chief object of your studies and research.

Your work is indeed a noble one. How it interests the reader as he proceeds onward! The style itself rises gradually more and more as the matter is unfolded. You have enlivened and set forth under a new and more complete aspect thoughts which others had only sketched and suggested. Your views astonish and captivate; and as by degrees you shew yourself to be a Catholic, we bless the Almighty who has given an apologist to his Church by a path hitherto unknown; and we cry out in the joy of our hearts, "The finger of God is here."

Those of our brethren who are separated from us will not, when reading you, have it in their power to accuse you of bitter language. If they are right of heart, even as you are, if like you they seek truth, like you too they will say when they have concluded the work, "My eyes have seen thy salvation."

For my part, long before I became acquainted with your writings I held you in esteem; and I thank Heaven for having opened your eyes by a still more merciful dispensation than those of Tobias, because in vouchsafing you this grace, He has had in view, not your own sanctification only, but that also of many others, whom, under God, you are called to enlighten. "Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation to his people . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace."

Before I conclude this long letter, it is impossible for me not to tell you of the pleasure you have given me by the way in which you speak of the most holy and immaculate Virgin. I entreat her earnestly to take you under her protection during life—a long one, I trust, and full of good works—and also at your death, which I pray and hope may number you with the predestined.

Accept the assurance of the feelings of respect with which I remain, my Reverend Father, your very humble and obedient servant,

CLEMENT, Bishop of La Rochelle.

Before this letter had reached him, Father Newman had already written as follows to the Bishop of La Rochelle, to thank him for a judgment he had passed upon his work:

Monseigneur,—It is with feelings of deep emotion that I have read the letter addressed by your Lordship to M. Jules Gondon on my book. It shews, no less than the two articles signed by your Lordship in the *Ami de la Religion*, such kindness and indulgence as fills me with the liveliest gratitude. You have deigned to put yourself in the place of the author when he wrote his work, sympathising with his difficulties, and making allowance for them in your appreciation of his labours.

As far as the success of the book is concerned, I am in no ways anxious, leaving every thing in God's hands. If it be his will to make use of the hypothesis of development, and to turn it to the defence of his Church, I shall never cease to praise his holy name. If, on the other hand, He sees that it is not available for his glory, I bow without regret to his supreme will.

In either case, never shall I recall to mind the favourable manner in which you have judged my work without feeling the most tender, the deepest gratitude. Besides, when I reflect upon the political struggles in which your country is at this moment engaged, it is impossible for me not to be struck by your condescension, nor to estimate still more highly this precious mark of your kind favour.

That God may ever bless your Lordship, and shed upon you abundantly all his grace at this critical moment, is the earnest prayer I make to Heaven for your Lordship.

Be pleased, my Lord, to accept the testimony of the feelings of gratitude and deep devotion with which I remain,

My Lord,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In a letter written at a later period, the author of the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* made the following humble submission to the criticisms of the Bishop of La Rochelle on some passages of his work:

"It is from the bottom of my heart that I submit what I have written to the judgment of the Church. When I composed my work I had not the happiness of being of the number of her children. The book, therefore, is but a mere essay; it does but enter upon a subject scarcely mooted up to our days, and of such extreme delicacy, that one hardly dare handle it. I cannot, then, but be thankful to those who are good enough to point out to me any portions of my work which appear to them ambiguous. But when dignity of rank, superiority of intellect, and acknowledged sanctity, are united in the person who deigns to take notice of my essay, unthankful indeed should I be were I to refuse him the tribute of my gratitude and lasting attachment.

"Be pleased, my Lord, to receive my very sincere thanks for the encouragement you have bestowed upon me by the too indulgent criticisms you have passed upon my work.

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN, Congr. Orat.

"Oratory, Birmingham, 30th October, 1849."

The *Univers* (from which the above correspondence has been translated) concludes by announcing to its readers that a French translation of Father Newman's *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations* will shortly be ready for press.

NEW COLLEGE AT ST. WILFRID'S.—The Fathers of the Oratory are proposing, with the sanction of the Bishop of the district, to open a college at their house of St. Wilfrid's, near Cheadle, Staffordshire. They expect to be ready for commencing at Easter next, and their object is to place the peculiar advantages of the old English Universities within the reach of such students as may desire to continue their education beyond the age at which it is usually finished at our existing Catholic Colleges. The terms will not be less than 150*l.* per annum. The Fathers will be prepared to give instruction in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Italian, German, and French; besides mathematics and general literature. A more detailed account will shortly be ready.

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